EMBER 28, 1992

The Mental-Health Mess, and How to Get Out of It

NATIONAL REVIEW

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HOW DICK DARMAN RUINED REAGANOMICS, THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION, GRAMM-RUDMAN, AND CHRISTMAS

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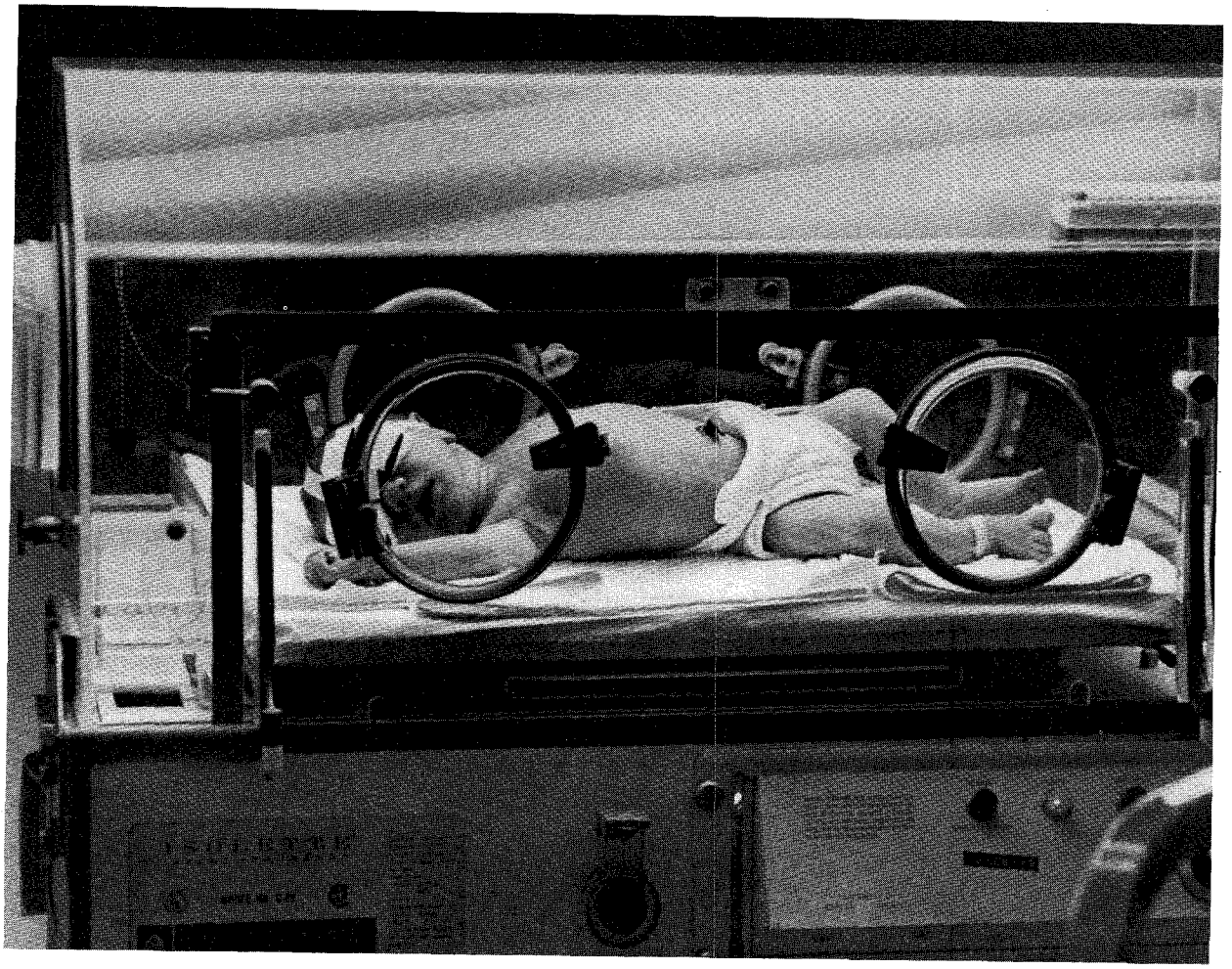

For around $70,000, her life could be saved.

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Her parents' health care plan didn't cover the few hundred dollars they needed for prenatal care.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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LETTERS

Cramping My Style Book

I wish to commend you on your scoop, *Tagging the News: The Index to Correct Opinion* ["Major Media Stylebook," by Tom Bethell, Nov. 16]. It reaffirmed two basic facts which I have long appreciated—that NATIONAL REVIEW indeed has a funny bone; you just have to appreciate it. And that Brent Bozell of Media Research will comment on fantasy so facilely.

And while I am pleased to have been elevated to the Central Committee of something, anything, I do rather wish that you had been a little clearer in your guidance that the index is fantasy, not fact. I hope you will not mind if I send on to you letters from our viewers who missed the subtlety. I remain, as always, your attentive reader.

Peter Jennings
ABC News
New York, N.Y.

Lay Off the Gipper

Conveniently forgotten in commentary about Special Prosecutor Walsh and his appointment by Ronald Reagan, such as Peter Brimelow's review of Elliott Abrams's new book [Nov. 30], is the fact that there was at the time a very serious allegation that hundreds of thousands of dollars from arms sales had been stolen by nefarious middlemen and possibly even Administration officials. It was this and other allegations of *actual criminal conduct* which President Reagan wanted investigated. A proper investigation would have cleared the innocent as well as discovered the guilty parties in any real crimes.

If Mr. Reagan should have offered pardons, there remains the question of to whom he should have offered them. Reagan is too honest to protect himself by condoning actual felonies, and no sane man would have believed the extent to which the Special Prosecutor would go in his persecution of the politically incorrect. To have thwarted Walsh, Mr. Reagan would have had to pardon everyone but Nancy.

And, consider the result of such pardons on incoming President George Bush. A presidential pardon of Reagan officials would have been perceived by the public—and insisted on by the media—as an admission of wrongdoing. Such an act would have left the new President open to "investigations" by a Democratic Congress and possible attempts at impeachment. It would have crippled the Bush Administration from its inception.

It is interesting that Messrs. Abrams and Brimelow—like so many other conservatives—seek to place the blame in such situations on another conservative. All this tactic accomplishes is to split the conservative movement, leaving liberals free to continue their noxious policies, and assisting the media in their task of crucifying conservatives. Using Ronald Reagan as a whipping-boy for the depredations of Lawrence Walsh further demonstrates to the American people the sort of mean-spiritedness and carping ingratitude which has prevented conservatives from winning the national soul away from their liberal adversaries.

Valerie H. Protopapas
Huntington Station, N.Y.

Nabokov's Resting Place

I am sure that Vladimir Nabokov, given his legendary devotion to accuracy and precision, would want Taki ["Delectations," Nov. 16] and his readers to know that while he did indeed reside at the Montreux Palace Hotel during the last 16 years of his life, he drew his last breath in a hospital in Lausanne, at 6:50 P.M., on July 2, 1977.

Michael Murray
Banff, Alberta

Borking the Law

In Judge Bork's "Beside the Law" [Oct. 19], he criticizes activist judges who put their own personal views into their decisions. He argues that the courts should uphold what the people decide, as expressed through the legislation coming from the states and Congress.

I was surprised then, upon reading Judge Bork's analysis of the Supreme Court's recent decision in the *Eastman Kodak* case, when he lambasted the Court for not having the economic good judgment to rule in a certain manner which would strengthen American business. Kodak had been charged with antitrust violations by a number of independent service organizations who had evidence that Kodak was trying to run them out of business using clearly unlawful tactics. One single judge threw the case out without even allowing the plaintiffs to have a hearing. All the Supreme Court did in *Eastman Kodak* was to rule that the factual disputes in the case should be decided, not by one judge's personal views on economics, but by the jury—a group of citizens empaneled to hear all the evidence and arguments and then charged with the civic duty of reaching a just verdict.

It is my recollection that the same Founding Fathers Judge Bork normally cites with such affinity also gave us the Seventh Amendment's right to trial by jury. He worries that jurors will not be able to do justice in the courtroom "where populist demagoguery rather than economics is likely to determine the outcome." What in heaven's name does Judge Bork think "determines the outcome" of congressional debate?

In fact, Judge Bork's true colors were fully exposed by Mortimer Adler, in his *Haves without Have-Nots*, where he destroyed Bork's positivist legal theories in less than thirty pages.

Judge Bork has a bright legal mind—but we need to remember that his vicious attacks on activist judges who allegedly usurp the power supposedly reserved to the people are made by him primarily when those judges disagree with his personal political views.

Warren K. Anderson Jr.
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

It is quite peculiar of Mr. Anderson to confuse the most basic propositions of economics with my "personal political views" and to suppose that the Seventh Amendment takes from a judge the power to grant summary judgment when a case is too flawed to go to jury. Courts frequently take cases from the jury and, in the field of antitrust, do so when the plaintiff's case makes no economic sense. As for Mortimer Adler's notion that judges should enforce natural law rather than the positive law of the Constitution, I addressed that fallacy (though not Adler) in the March and May 1992 issues of First Things. —RHB

Apologies

In John P. Roche's review of *JFK and Vietnam* [Nov. 30], a gremlin in the editorial process replaced Secretary of State John Foster Dulles with his brother, Allen, the CIA chief. Apologies to Mr. Roche, our readers, and, posthumously, both Dulleses. —LB

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FROM THE EDITOR

No, Virginia . . .

■ Christine Allison, who writes about children's literature, was recently asked by her daughter Virginia if there was a Santa Claus. Remembering that an earlier Virginia had received a memorable answer to that very question in the form of an editorial in the *New York Sun*, she rooted it out. Like many readers before her, she was entranced by the reply of the writer, Francis Pharcellus Church.

Mrs. Allison (she's the wife of *NR* contributing editor Wick Allison) has just re-published the exchange, along with some biographical information on Virginia (O'Hanlon), Mr. Church, and the caricaturist, Thomas Nast, who is largely responsible for the image we have of Santa Claus as a jolly, fat man in a red suit and a white beard. It is a charming small compilation (Delacorte Press, $10) and, I should guess, a useful escape hatch for anyone with inquisitive children.

And it set me thinking. How fortunate that first Virginia was to stumble across Mr. Church. Suppose she had encountered not a seasoned, world weary, slightly cynical professional journalist—who did not in fact want the assignment—on an inspired day, but someone who really cared about children and would treat them with the respect due to them as potential adults. Suppose, in short, that she had written to Hillary Clinton. . . .

Dear Virginia, I must first congratulate you on *not* making the assumption that Santa Claus (if she does exist) is a white male. Santa is not a gender-specific name; in Latin countries it is usually applied to female "saints" (what we would now call "wise women"). And the social activism ascribed to Santa Claus by legend clearly falls into the class of nurturing tasks normally undertaken by women. Mr. Nast's illustrations of Santa Claus—apparently based on mere anecdotal evidence—are plainly patriarchal conditioning. We would do better to picture Ms. Claus as a bi-lingual female person of color, a sort of non-denominational, pluralistic Mother Teresa (pro choice, of course).

Let me now turn to the question of whether Ms. Claus does in fact exist. Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is not conclusive proof. We do not see sub-atomic particles or the AIDS virus. We deduce their existence from their effects. Now, Virginia, what are the effects of which Santa Claus is the apparent cause? You say: toys, a welding set, a treatise on accountancy, a copy of *Heather Has Two Mommies*.

Delightful are they not, at first glance? But reflect for a moment on their function. They are placed there to divert you from what is truly most precious to a pre-adolescent woman: her rights. Yes, Virginia, unformed and simple as your letter shows you to be, you nonetheless have rights. And when we deconstruct the ideology of Christmas gift-giving, we necessarily unmask Santa Claus to reveal the forces who wish to blind you to the existence of those rights—namely your parents. It is they who, in filling your stockings, have allocated your share of total household income entirely in accordance with their own preferences—and who then disguise this act of arbitrary power as the operation of a mythical being, originally a goddess-figure, but now decked out in the trappings of patriarchal power (fast sleigh, etc.).

In a fair world, Virginia, such as Uncle Bill and I hope to bring about, Christmas would be a time for redistributing. Within your family, Christmas presents would be purchased following a democratic vote, if necessary under court supervision, and selected from the EEOC-approved catalogue, *Gender-Free Gifts for Emerging Persons*. In the Wider American Family, expanded welfare provision, financed by a Fairness Tax, would make it Christmas all the year round. For, as long as there is a solvent taxpayer at large in these United States, yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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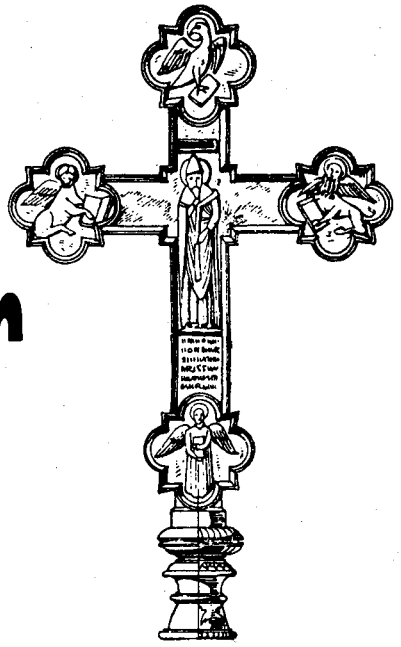
How to Believe Without Losing Your Mental Balance



The myth persists that religion is the preserve of the gullible, irrational, and fanatical. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in traditional religion. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all. Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply an indifference to peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the sacred. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Niebuhr, Gandhi, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Merton, Schumacher, Maritain, Mauriac, Weil, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, and Flannery O'Connor.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin Marty as "lively," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional nonbeliever. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Jean Bethke Elshtain, John T. Noonan Jr., Daniel Bell, Thomas Molnar, Robert Coles, Irving Howe, Walker Percy, John Lukacs, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, and Sheldon Vanauken. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy ideological pigeonholing. We'll keep you on your toes!

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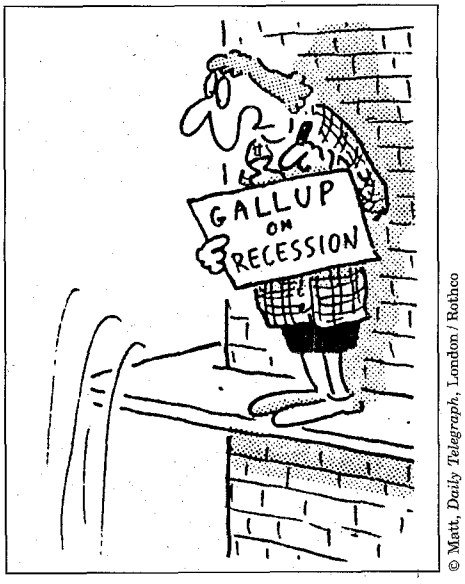
FOR THE RECORD

■ Welcome to the **Clinton** Era: Campaign manager **David Wilhelm** told *Washington Post* that Administration will "'maintain a campaign mentality' throughout its four-year term," to mobilize support for President's programs. . . . First economic casualty: short-term **Disney** Company stock prices. Disney Chairman **Michael Eisner** and President **Frank Wells** exercised stock options and subsequently sold 5.09 million shares, causing stock price to drop $1.82. Eisner explained the move was prompted by "substantial additional tax liability to the company" if Clinton Administration succeeds in ending deductibility of executive compensation above $1 million per year. "Like all reasonable people we must accept new taxes, but we must also protect our shareholders whenever possible." . . . Job watch: **Robert Reich**'s chances to head Council of Economic Advisors dropped when someone noticed he doesn't have degree in economics. And even friends have problems with his loose way with facts: *New Republic*'s **Mickey Kaus** finds unsettling Reich's eagerness "to go public" with his ideas "as if they were coming so fast—and they were so exciting—that there wasn't time to sweat over the details." . . . **Jean Kennedy Smith** would like to be ambassador to Ireland; backing her lobbying effort, brother **Ted**. . . . And there's rejoicing on K Street: *Legal Times*, the newspaper of "law and lobbying in the Nation's Capital," headlined a story: "For Lawyers, Clinton Is a Change for the Better." One Washington lawyer is quoted: "We are all expecting about a 33 per cent increase in fees." . . . *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist **Herb Caen** reveals that **Hillary Rodham**, fresh from Yale Law, clerked in 1971 for **Robert Truehaft**, husband of pro-Communist activist **Jessica Mitford**. Truehaft recalls that his firm represented Black Panthers that year. . . . President-elect's musical tastes are wider ranging than previously thought. According to AP, **Elvis** often gives way to **Wynton Marsalis** and **Kenny G.**, and, if White House were burning down and he could save only one record, it would be **Judy Collins**'s "Colors of the Morning."

■ On GOP side, Rep. **Dick Armey** (Tex.)—an intellectual conservative as well as savvy congressional operator—defeated incumbent moderate **Jerry Lewis** (Calif.) for number-3 GOP leadership post, chairman of Republican Conference. Rep. **Henry J. Hyde** (Ill.) ran unopposed for re-election to number-4 post, chairman of Republican Policy Committee. . . . In battle for chairmanship of Republican National Committee, Secretary of Labor **Lynn Martin**—a moderate who veers left on social issues—is no longer the betting favorite. Emerging as new front-runners is trio of conservatives: **Haley Barbour**, political director in **Reagan** White House, followed by National Republican Congressional Committee boss **Spencer Abraham** (**Dan Quayle**'s candidate) and former Colorado state party chairman **Bo Callaway**. Elections will be held at RNC's late-January confab in St. Louis. . . .



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"I'll put you down as pessimistic, then?"

Now he gets it: Outgoing RNC Chairman **Rich Bond** will be going to Georgetown full time for a master's in American Government.

■ As U.S. troops prepared to enter Somalia, relief personnel worried about a last-minute outbreak of looting by warlords and bandits. "They know that come tomorrow, the gravy train is over," said Irish relief official **Michael McDonagh**. . . . **Muammar el-Qaddafi** is reported by Mideastern newspapers to be showing odd symptoms in reaction to isolation from rest of world. He has described Switzerland as a "neighboring country" that is "less developed than Libya," and suggested collapse of Soviet Union was aided by hamburgers "filled with cockroaches, rats, and frogs"—presumably a reference to opening of **McDonald's** in Moscow. . . . Communist China is trying to undermine Hong Kong's democratic retorms, designed to safeguard the colony after Peking takes over in 1997. Chinese Vice Premier **Zhu Rongji** said original agreement might have to "go with the wind" if reforms are carried out. New British Governor **Chris Patten**, unlike predecessor, Sir **David Wilson**, is strongly supporting Hong Kong democrats. . . . **Ilya Levkov**, head of Liberty Publishing House in New York, received urgent request last month for 1,500 copies of Liberty's Russian translation of *Robert's Rules of Order* in time for Congress of People's Deputies; the Russians had no hard currency but American donors shipped 300 copies. Need for volume was demonstrated by scuffle with Congress Speaker **Ruslan I. Khasbulatov** over effort by "centrists" to unseat reformist Acting Prime Minister **Yegor Gaidar**. . . . *Newsweek* reports on poster spotted in East Germany: **Karl Marx** saying: "Sorry, guys, it was just an idea."

■ While **John Hinckley** is petitioning for unsupervised holiday leave from St. Elizabeths Hospital, California rapper **Paris** insists his new record "Bush Killa" is not an incitement to assassination. The song deals with someone shooting from a rooftop and ends with a Bush speech halted by gunfire. ACLU backs Paris (real name: **Oscar Jackson**), says any attempt to prosecute him would be "politically wrongheaded and constitutionally indefensible."

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THE WEEK

■ Is it too late for Ross Perot to buy off the Electoral College?

■ Three weeks after losing the election, George Bush finally got the economic numbers he needed: Real GDP grew 3.9 per cent in the third quarter. This was significantly above the pre-election estimate of 2.7 per cent, which many dismissed as "unsustainable." In fact the U.S. has been in an economic recovery for a year and a half. The recession—one of the mildest and shortest on record—was also the most geographically concentrated. New York and California, with only 19 per cent of the population, accounted for 60 per cent of the nation's job losses. Were Reagan–Bush policies the culprit? Well, the erosions of Reaganomics in the Deficit Reduction Act of 1986 and the budget deal of 1990 did play a role (see "Bush's Rasputin," p. 28). So, ironically, did ending the cold war: defense cutbacks account for much of California's travail. But Governor Pete Wilson certainly didn't help matters when he pushed through the largest state income-tax increase in U.S. history. Governor Mario Cuomo, of course, has been driving entrepreneurs out of New York for years. Clearly, the economic insanity has not all emanated from Washington.

■ Robert Packwood of Oregon, one of our least favorite Republican senators, appears to be in his political death-throes, thanks to his apparent habit of grabbing the nearest woman and attempting to make whoopee on the spot. Ten women who have found his attentions resistible have vented their complaints to the *Washington Post*, which finds it paradoxical that Senator Packwood would behave in such a way when his voting record attests that he is "good on women's issues." It seems the *Post* would have taken such conduct in stride from Jesse Helms, Henry Hyde, or Orrin Hatch, but finds it mystifying from Bob Packwood, Christopher Dodd, or Edward Kennedy. But another way of looking at it is that those who take abortion lightly will be inclined to take women's honor lightly. A debatable theory, to be sure, but the empirical evidence does seem to be mounting.

■ Lynne Cheney has advised the Clinton Administration that she is prepared to turn over her office as Chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities to a successor named by Mr. Clinton. The office is theoretically non-partisan, which means that it would not have offended democratic punctilio for her to have stayed on. But in fact, Mrs. Cheney being a very bright woman, it is plain to her that there are differences between the way a Republican appointee would handle that role, and the way a Democratic appointee would handle it. Too bad, but the humanities are crawling with ideological conquistadors, and Mrs. Cheney is a veteran of one such fight, when Senator Kennedy decided that the appointment of Carol Iannone to the Endowment would offend his delicate sense of the right kind of scholarly balance. Enough. The thing to do now is to be grateful that someone of the spirit and learning and integrity of Lynne Cheney was with us guiding that agency (which should probably not exist) during six and a half critical years. Her leavetaking was an act of grace, consistent with the character of a woman even her opponents had come, however reluctantly, to admire. Maybe she'll come back in 1996, if her successor has the same good manners, and agrees to go out with the lame-duck President.

■ New York's Democratic-controlled state Assembly has decided to combat the social evil of sexual harassment, to which end it has organized what it calls "sensitivity training." Good. You are trained to become sensitive to behavior of the kind that oughtn't to be indulged because it distresses women. Good. But while engaged in heightening sensitivities, why doesn't the Assembly look into the effect of other

HAVING CAMPAIGNED TO CHANGE THE ALL-MALE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE NEWLY ELECTED WOMEN SENATORS JOCKEY FOR COMMITTEE SEATS:
JUDICIARY COMM.
APPROPRIATIONS COMM.
ALL THE PORK YOU CAN CARRY!
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misbehavior? For instance: High taxes and spending result in whole enterprises leaving the state, which results in people losing their jobs—and joblessness leads to such social unpleasantnesses as divorce, drunkenness, homelessness, and: despair over democratic standards and priorities, from which virus we here at *NR* are suffering, and will gladly administer sensitivity training to the legislators at Albany.

■ Here's one for you talk-show hosts to consider. Governor Cuomo told the *New York Times*, "If the offer [to be on the Supreme Court] were made, I would answer the question so swiftly that every one of you in the media, and especially talk-show hosts, would write, 'This, surely, is the most decisive man in America.'" Well, the reporters persisted, what would his answer be, yes or no? "I don't know what the answer would be," replied the most decisive man in America.

■ Western observers have been more surprised than perhaps they should that the tape was missing from one of the KAL 007 black boxes turned over to South Korea by Boris Yeltsin. Mr. Yeltsin himself presumably thought the box was intact (why open himself to the embarrassment of having the omission discovered?), but the boxes had been in other Russian hands before they reached his. Russia still has plenty of Soviet apparatchiks in high places, who have strong motives for not uncovering parts of the past. For example, no Russian official has yet disclosed the name of any living foreigner who was once on the Soviet spymasters' payroll—even if such a spy had been inactive since, say, 1948. Perhaps the KAL pilot mentioned Alger Hiss's name.

■ You would think the New York City school system had enough to do to teach the three Rs, but the Rainbow Curriculum propounded by Schools Chancellor Joseph Fernandez suggests that first-graders do some of their readin' in books like *Heather Has Two Mommies*—all by way of embracing the full spectrum of the city's diversity. Most of New York's neighborhood school boards have handled the chancellor's recommendations on homosexuality by quietly shelving them. But a few have gone into open revolt, and four members of the citywide Board of Education support the rebellious parents. The powers that be have responded by dissolving the most obstinate school board, District 24 in Queens, and by pressuring Ninfa Segarra, one of the maverick members of the Board of Education, to resign. Diversity has its limits, because liberalism has its priorities—the transvaluation of sexual values being at the top of the list. Heather may have two mommies, but Joseph Fernandez has two agendas—and educating New York's children isn't the more important.

■ *The American Spectator*, long may it scarify, celebrated its 25th year of frightening the horses with a gala in Washington, D.C. Bill Clinton will rue the day he chose to occupy the same city. Among the line-up of after-dinner speakers were Jeane Kirkpatrick, Pete du Pont, Jack Kemp, master-of-ceremonies P. J. O'Rourke, and founder and onlie begetter R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. Best line of the evening: O'Rourke regretting "the golden epoch of the Eighties . . . when sleeping with the President meant you had attended a Cabinet meeting." A splendid kick-off to 25 more years of literate outrages.

■ Multiculturalism is a marketing dream. Its divisiveness creates racial tensions that provoke calls for more, yes, multiculturalism. The latest scene of this self-perpetuating drama—the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. The *New York Times* reports that this most multicultural institution is a "racial tinderbox." One black student was assaulted by a visitor to the school and later found racist graffiti in his hallway and feces smeared on his door. The *Times* reports that UMass's chancellor said that "the university's attempts to increase diversity often have the paradoxical effect of actually magnifying intolerance." But never mind. The chancellor plans to restore eliminated sensitivity-training staff, set aside $100,000 for multicultural events, and revise the freshman orientation. Students will be invited to dwell further on race and racial differences. Multiculturalism does not sleep.

■ Malcolm X is undeniably one of the most fascinating figures in recent American history, but he is nearly unrecognizable in Spike Lee's hagiographical movie (reviewed in this issue). Lee deletes the white-baiting ("white devils," "two-legged dogs," etc.) that was so much a part of Malcolm's actual life. Moreover, he retains the mythology of persecution in Malcolm's autobiography, much of which has been painstakingly debunked by his recent biographer Bruce Perry. His family was never besieged by the Klan, and his father, a far more unheroic figure than his

Scoop or Jimmy?

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
  Which party wing is winning?
Last week I saw a potpourri
  Of liberals, all grinning.
Will Clinton stick with Scoop as those,
Half mad for pork, claw at his clothes,
While Hillary turns bellicose
  Before the second inning?

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Gift Outright Blues

(Maya Angelou's poem for the Inaugural)

The land was ours
Before we were the land's,
Before we worked it
With our black and blue hands.

We were withholding
From our land of living,
Not enough loving,
Not enough giving,

Until we found
Salvation in surrender
To our tearful hearts
And Bill Clinton's agenda.

—Transcribed by Richard Brookhiser

son paints him, was probably not killed by racists, but died accidently. Malcolm also had many more white friends and benefactors than he acknowledges. Lee's movie implies that the FBI had a hand in his murder, but the hard evidence points to the Nation of Islam: Malcolm was exposing not only its hypocrisy, but its crimes, and might well have helped send Elijah Muhammad and his inner circle to prison had he lived. At the end he knew very well that his life was in danger, and he knew why. The "real" Malcolm X never had time to stabilize; the irony is that this desperately improvising man, groping for a tenable position when he died, can only be falsified by the campaign to make him an icon.

■ The revised Catholic catechism numbers "tax fraud" among sins against property. We hope we are not taking undue liberties with the text in construing this to mean that most of those who work for the government will roast in hell.

■ Sheriff's investigators in Cincinnati have officially declared that Madonna's book, *SEX*, is not obscene. They've traveled a long distance in Cincinnati since Mapplethorpe.

■ The "humanitarian" reasons for sending troops to Somalia are rooted in religion, and thus obviously unconstitutional, yet the ACLU hasn't sued yet. Perhaps all its lawyers, including the temporaries it signs up every Christmas, are too busy suing towns that don't have enough reindeer in their crêche.

■ Suggestion to every town council and school board in the land: This Christmas, pray publicly for the ACLU. Of course the ACLU will sue to stop you, but it's worth it.

■ The Clinton transition team assures us that Hillary "will play a major role" in the Administration, but doesn't know what it will be. Rush Limbaugh apparently knows. Every time he mentions her name, which is often, he plays "Hail to the Chief."

Appointment in Somalia

ONE of the unexpected products of the end of the cold war is a reawakened liberal enthusiasm for military intervention. We saw a glimpse of it in Yugoslavia; in Somalia it is full blown. When liberals get so gung-ho about war, we get nervous. Some of us still remember Indochina.

Indeed, a whole new field has grown up in Washington think-tanks, known as "humanitarian intervention." Its devotees are proud that they have thrown off their former allergy to the use of military power—but prouder still that they have found ways of using U.S. power purely in vindication of abstract principles, without regard to any U.S. strategic interest. You can be sure that if Somalia were an allied country in which we had a significant stake, our involvement there would be far more controversial on the Left than it is.

After getting all that off our chest, we give Operation Restore Hope our qualified support (see WFB's "On the Right," p. 54). We see an achievable military objective and an achievable political objective. Even more, we see satisfying vindication in the alacrity with which the world turns to the United States as the only country with the military capability, experience in leadership, and reputation for decency for such a task. The forces arrayed against "American imperialism" seem routed, abroad as well as at home. (Imperial tutelage may even come back in vogue, as Paul Johnson suggested in *NR*'s last issue.) There's nothing wrong with being the world's only superpower, provided we know what we're doing.

The attainable military objective is to suppress this civil war. We cannot believe that 28,000 U.S. Marines and soldiers cannot suppress the armed bands that have wrecked Somalia's civil order. The Administration makes us uneasy when it abjures such a mission and confines its task to securing the safe delivery of food; we assume this is just diplomatic cover. In reality, the safe delivery of food cannot be assured without the broader interpretation of the mission. Pentagon nervous Nellies cite the precedent of the ill-fated "humanitarian intervention" in Lebanon. But the best way to turn Somalia into another Lebanon is to evade the real military problem and refuse to help solve it.

The attainable political objective is to see to the restoration of some rudimentary political structure.

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Once the civil war is suppressed, the country's tribal and political chieftains need to be brought together, perhaps under the aegis of the UN or the Organization of African Unity, in some cooperative grouping to approximate a governmental structure. The best model, oddly enough, may be the 1965 U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, in which U.S. troops squelched the extremist forces on both sides in the nascent civil war, then knocked heads together among the civilian politicians and turned the country back over to them. Clearly, the political vacuum in Somalia is a more daunting problem. But the chances for success will be the greater, the more decisive is the military success in suppressing the forces that would threaten it.

The large number of U.S. troops committed testifies to a correct Pentagon assessment that military operations should not be attempted on the cheap. With the same boldness applied to the overall problem, there is some ground for hope that we can do the job required of us and then turn it over to others within a reasonable period of time.

Russian Roulette

BORIS YELTSIN has maintained himself and most of his government in place, but by razor-thin margins, in the early-December session of the Congress of People's Deputies. A constitutional amendment that would have severely curtailed the president's powers of appointment fell only one vote short of the requisite two-thirds. The lesson to Mr. Yeltsin is that he can maintain his support only by alliances with centrist groups in the Congress. A dispute is already raging among Western (and Russian) pundits on whether Mr. Yeltsin is thereby surrendering his whole reform program or simply making prudent tactical compromises in order to keep the essence of the reforms intact. We lean (cautiously) to the latter view.

We see no reason to alter our long-standing opinion that the West's duty is the same regardless: to continue to insist on serious reform and a constructive foreign policy as a condition for aid. We do Mr. Yeltsin no favor by easing the counter-pressure we furnish on these issues. At some point, the backtracking may have gone too far. Not yet, we think. Indeed, we share the judgment of Richard Nixon and others that the West has given too little material support to the dramatic revolution that Mr. Yeltsin represents. By this we have helped undercut him. It is perverse, for example, to continue to burden democratic Russia with all the debts incurred by its retrograde predecessor; debt relief should have been a more substantial part of the Western aid package all along (a need dramatized in recent weeks by embarrassing Russian defaults on about $20 million in agricultural loans).

At least one plus in the parliamentary process is the sight of Russians taking responsibility for their own fate. While the West ought to help more, we resist any notion that the massive problems are ours to solve. No more than in the case of any other handout recipient do we accept that the basic problems are the responsibility of the donor. If a "Who Lost Russia?" debate begins—and there are those trying to start one already—we will make that point.

The Tsongas Problem

IN HIS RUN for the presidential nomination, Paul Tsongas seemed a good candidate. He put his economic proposals on the line in a substantial pamphlet; this had the merit of candor, even though it enabled Bill Clinton to assail Tsongas from the Left, charging him with being a tool of wealth and Wall Street. Tsongas's un-glamor also was attractive to some voters, encouraging them to consider him a candidate of substance rather than image. Tsongas was not "slick." He made no JFK arm gestures, did not intone, "We can do better," and did not talk about getting this country "moving again."

It turns out, however, that Tsongas was not altogether candid. He allowed us to suppose that his earlier lymphoma had been cured, and his TV ads featured his genuine swimming prowess. His doctors pronounced him fit. He glossed over (tacitly lied about) a subsequent recurrence of cancer. Now a perhaps unrelated cancer has occurred in his abdomen.

Suppose Mr. Tsongas had gone on from his victory in New Hampshire to win the Democratic nomination and, not implausibly, defeat George Bush. Today we would have as President-elect a man who apparently faces serious surgery and/or chemo- or radiation therapy. Such circumstances at the very least would be distracting and might well cloud his judgment. Would he remove himself as President-elect?

A Holiday Moment

With Dole's New Hampshire nemesis
Among those he will never miss,
The senator surveys the scene
From somewhere in the Pleistocene
And lifts a glass to all of those
Who, while the squishy prospered, froze.

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In 1944, Franklin Roosevelt was known to his inner circle to be dying of circulatory problems—hence the prudent substitution of Harry Truman for Henry Wallace as his running mate. In 1960, John Kennedy was known—but not to the voters—to be suffering from acute Addison's disease, a glandular failure that required drastic medication. His back pain appears to have required amphetamines. George Bush's use of the drug Halcion is not as serious as any of the above, but is cause for medical concern nonetheless. Bill Clinton has refused access to his medical records.

Full medical disclosure, and perhaps examination by a neutral committee of physicians, would certainly amount to an invasion of personal privacy. But a presidential candidate, in the role he aspires to, is not a private person.

Fuel to the German Fire

THE RESURGENCE, after nearly fifty years, of neo-Nazi street violence in Germany has been met with worldwide hand-wringing and calls for repression. By banning various fringe groups, Chancellor Helmut Kohl seemed to be bowing to international pressure. There is still a danger that the real moral of this story will be lost in the breast-beating: not the incorrigible nature of Germans, but the irresponsible nature of liberal elites, above all where any consideration of race or ethnicity is involved.

Germany's borders had been allowed to collapse. The country has been accepting annually hundreds of thousands of ethnic Germans from Eastern Europe. At the same time, it has been suffering under an asylum law—finally modified this week—that made it virtually impossible to expel anyone who showed up claiming to be a refugee. The number doing so had risen from 57,000 in 1987 through 250,000 in 1991 to a current rate of 60,000 a month, which would work out to 720,000 a year. These refugees have no historical connection with Germany and are often Asians or Africans, about as different from Germans as it is possible to get. Nevertheless, they are immediately eligible for transfer payments. All this and economic stagnation too.

By comparison, the U.S. accepts only 950,000 immigrants a year—and its population, at 250 million, is around three times Germany's. Moreover, Germany has virtually no experience of immigration. It has been a stable ethnic community since before the time of Christ. And then there's the Nazi legacy. Those now complaining about the fire in Germany should have thought before adding fuel to this particular flame.

It must be a matter for the gravest reflection that, but for violence in the streets, this extraordinary social-engineering accident would have continued to mount to disaster unchecked.

The Condom Parade

LET'S strain to put it as *they* would wish us to put it:

1. AIDS is a mortal disease, and measures taken against it are necessary even if such measures violate conventional taboos.

2. A condom is something dealt with in the past more or less furtively, a condom being relevant only when a human organ is in an agitated state, not the kind of thing one dwells on, any more (say) than one would dwell on the shape of the female labia during childbirth. It is a device of historical use to philanderers, in addition to men merely exercising birth control. All right, say the AIDS fighters, let us lift the condom from its traditional place in a recessed shelf of the municipal pharmacy, and try to give it the kind of idiomatic currency that serves to shrug off these taboos. Make it like peanuts and crackerjack, and when that happens, people ordering, using, or talking about condoms will be doing or saying the natural thing; and when *that* happens, the use of the condom will become so general as to present a genuine obstacle to the spread of AIDS.

Fair enough?

To which others, however, reply:

1. To the extent that condoms are useful in warding off exposure to AIDS, they should be used, and their utility should be advertised.

2. However, there is nothing to be gained, and a good deal to be lost, from attempting to give them the currency of, say, Tootsie-Rolls. A large number of devices and potions useful for personal hygiene are nevertheless treated with relevant decorum. You do not put sanitary napkins on the cover of *Vanity Fair* whatever point you are trying to make about the usefulness of sanitary napkins.

A recent AP dispatch reports an event at the Harvard Divinity School: "Underneath the portraits of former deans that line the walls of Harvard Divinity School, another kind of artwork was on exhibit ear-

A Burned-Out Case

Overtime and quotas missed,
Filling Mr. Clinton's list,
Did in Santa and the elves'
Inventory on the shelves.

W. H. VON DREELE

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lier this year: colorful objects, tiny sculptures, and even a doll in the image of former surgeon General C. Everett Koop—all made of condoms. 'The idea is to move away from the embarrassed, selective, secretive forbidden kind of association to making condoms acceptable,' said the artist, Karen Norberg. Richard Valantasis, acting director of ministerial studies at the divinity school, opened the exhibit, titled 'Sacred Condoms,' with a special service dedicated to AIDS victims. The show features condoms covered with beads, fur, yarn, leather, feathers, and bracelet charms—the most colorful of all called 'Carmen Miranda.' There were also condoms filled with honey, alphabet soup, a baby's sneaker, tiny models of the earth, and sunflower seeds. 'This is serious art,' said creator Norberg."

Well, it isn't serious art. But it is serious social-aesthetic abuse and vulgar opportunism on the back of AIDS. At Dartmouth these days they are passing out to the freshmen not only condoms, but devices designed to be useful when performing anal sex. What issues from all of this isn't a forward stride in

RIGHT DATA

If It Ain't Broke . . .

THE ELECTION was about "change," especially change designed to create jobs and improve living standards. But change can be counterproductive, if the wrong kinds of change are visited on an economy that already out-performs the rest of the developed world.

Our economic lead is now documented in a comprehensive new study of worker productivity by McKinsey and Co. In 1990 a full-time American worker produced $49,600 worth of goods and services. In terms of equivalent purchasing power, French workers produced $47,000, German workers $44,200, and Japanese workers just $38,200.

The findings were a surprise, "and not only because they contradict the widely held view that the U.S. has fallen behind." Most economists had expected that by now—nearly fifty years after the end of World War II, with technology and capital flowing freely among nations, and with foreign workers at least as well educated and skilled as our own—full economic convergence would have occurred.

In fact, the productivity gap is much narrower in manufacturing, where many elite Japanese and German firms dominate international markets. But 63 per cent of U.S. workers, and nearly 60 per cent of Japanese and German workers, are employed in the service sector, where our productivity lead is enormous.

The U.S. telecommunications industry, for example, handles 2.5 times more calls per employee than Japan's, and nearly 4 times more than Germany's. In retailing—the largest service-sector employer in the advanced economies—the typical U.S. worker generates $25,003 in value added, compared to $20,595 and $11,039 for his counterparts in the UK and Japan, respectively. As a result, workers in many U.S. service industries are paid better than manufacturing workers.

Traditional explanations such as capital per worker, firm size, managerial skills, and relative prices cannot explain the international productivity gap. The most powerful explanation, according to the study, is the high degree of competition found in the U.S. economy, and Washington's relative reluctance to regulate business.

Japanese law prevents large domestic or foreign firms from opening stores unless small shop owners approve the new competition. The policy, justified as a means of preserving social harmony, has deprived that country's consumers of the one-stop shopping efficiencies enjoyed here. And while the deregulated U.S. airline and telecommunications industries have undergone painful restructurings, state-owned operations in Europe are explicitly not allowed to reduce costs by laying off workers.

Does higher productivity mean fewer jobs? The record speaks for itself:

THE AMERICAN JOB MACHINE

	Civilian Jobs Created, 1973–90		Unemployment Rate, 1990	% Unemployed For More Than 6 months, 1989
	Number	Increase		
U.S.	32.9 mil.	37%	5.4%	10
Japan	9.9	19	2.1	37
Germany	1.5	6	5.1	67
UK	2.3	9	6.9	57
France	0.9	4	9.0	64

Source: McKinsey & Co.

Our more productive labor force has created more new jobs than Japan, Germany, France, and the UK combined. Rapid job creation enabled the U.S. to move from having the lowest percentage of working-age population employed among the advanced economies in 1973 to having the highest percentage (71) in 1989.

The moral of the story? The best jobs program is no jobs program.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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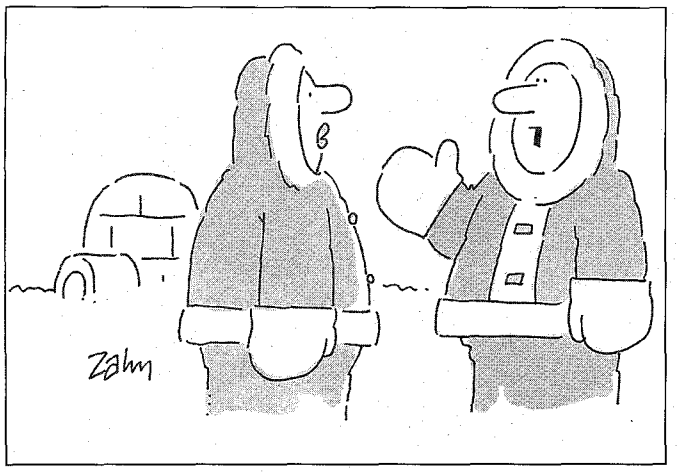

"I won't be home till April—they switched me to the night shift."

the Hippocratic profession, but a kind of leering disdain for the surviving modesties of civilized life.

Norplant?

THE PROPOSAL in Baltimore is to sponsor publicly the implantation of the Norplant birth-control device in nubile girls between the ages of 13 and 19. These are devices that prevent the female from conceiving, by doing this and that to frustrate sperm hellbent for a suitable egg. The device is said to last for five years, and is more effective than any other birth-control measure this side of the absence of the sperm.

The moral issues are complex, but not inscrutable. If one believes that intercourse should never be artificially prevented from leading to procreation, then Norplant is wrong, even as a condom is wrong. Those who wish to make finer distinctions, and find a prophylactic greatly preferable to an abortifacient, will side with Norplant over against the current morning-after pill, not to mention RU-486. These are abortifacients, which kill an entity that, left alone, would blossom into a human being.

Moreover, the Norplant will of course not be introduced except to girls who agree to the surgical procedure. It is, by the way, practically painless, takes not more than ten minutes, but costs somewhere between $150 and $500, depending, one supposes, on which doctor does it. The Norplant itself costs another $350. So you are talking at least $500 to prevent pregnancy for five years. That is cheap if you do your reckoning on the basis of a child born illegitimate and sustained by state welfare; not so cheap if you assume that an accidental pregnancy will result in an abortion, which costs less than $500. On the other hand, in the course of five years, a girl can get pregnant a dozen times, if she schedules her abortions with becoming punctuality. Call the economic argument moot.

There is a school in Baltimore set up specially for unwed mothers. The girls range in age from 13 to 19. The general reaction there to the Norplant implantation is that it is not a bad idea. If after a while the girl decides she wishes to become pregnant again, it is as simple as removing the little match-sticks from her upper arm, another surgical procedure, and this one we haven't costed out. It would presumably be a part of the overhead of the decision to have a child.

A final judgment? Better a prophylactic than an abortion, and if we go in for birth control, as manifestly there is a need to do, then the more efficient the better.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding this summer's flap over Dan Quayle's spelling, I recently came across a piece of writing composed over two hundred years ago which runs thus: "Was the government to prescribe to us our medicine and diet, our bodies would be in such keeping as our souls are now. Thus in France the emetic was once forbidden as medicine, and the *potatoe* [emphasis mine] as an article of food."

The author? Thomas Jefferson, in Query XVII of his *Notes on the State of Virginia*.

Cordially yours,
Jeff McAlister
Longview, Tex.

Dear Mr. McAlister: Right! Steeped in Jefferson, that was Mr. Quayle's problem. Let's re-do the elections! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

I'm afraid that you are going to have to accept the apology so generously offered by Professor Van Zandt of Purdue in his recent letter ("Notes & Asides," October 5). Far from being "facts nobody argues with," his initial premises are dead wrong.

It is not true that "CO_2 constituted about 0.04 per cent of the atmosphere in 1950." The right number is 0.0295 per cent—295 parts per million.

It is not true that "CO_2 now constitutes more like 0.06 per cent." The right number is 0.0356 per cent—356 parts per million.

Equally wrong is his "Fact 3: 0.04 per cent is 2,400 billion tons of CO_2." The right number for 1950 was about 1,775 billion tons. He then erroneously asserts that "the change since 1950 is 1,200 billion tons." The right number is a mere 355 billion.

A real factoid follows: "6. Human activity currently releases 6 billion tons of carbon a year." But that much carbon (atomic weight 12), yields 22 billion tons of CO_2 (molecular weight 44) today, or about 12 billion tons in 1950. Integrating from 1950

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to 1992 yields a 714-billion-ton increase in CO_2. (I'll save the fate of the missing 359 gigatons for the end.) 714 billion tons is *not*, as Van Zandt claims, as the upper limit of human impact, "6 per cent of the observed change in CO_2." *It is more than twice of all of it.*

There follows in his text a sort of epiphany, something, in Niels Bohr's phrase, "So bad it isn't even wrong": "Fact 7. Non-human activity (oceans, trees . . .) releases . . . CO_2." But far from *releasing* CO_2, the oceans dissolve and capture much of it and trees respire it, capturing carbon from the atmosphere. So numbers 6 and 7 "being seriously wrong," let us accept his "apology for the nonsense that follows." For such it is. Best,

Russell Seitz
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Let me try again to put matters as starkly as possible:

1. Humanity releases 6 somethings/year of CO_2.
2. Nature releases 200 somethings/year of CO_2.
3. Nature can't tell one CO_2 from another, and so she scrubs out the human product at the same *rate* she does her own.

Therefore: the accumulated human-caused CO_2 in the air and the natural total stand in the same ratio as do the production rates. CO_2 from human burning can only be about 3 per cent of the observed amount.

4. Atmospheric CO_2 is observed to be growing. This seems to have been going on since the Washington Administration. I used an eco-chic, very Gorey number for the increase. More sober scientific estimates put the present excess at 30 per cent over some primeval background (15 per cent pre 1950, 15 per cent post 1950). That's 10 times more than humanity can be blamed for.

Therefore, we didn't cause it, and it won't go away if we shut off the lights and shiver in the cold and dark.

We're arguing a lot nowadays about whether the extra CO_2 is going to do a number on us. I have seen a pile of these warnings, but no reference to arguments that our sins of emission are actually the cause for the increase. In my corner of science, an anomalous factor of 10 in some experiment is always the inspiration for much excited chatter and publication. Why is the connection here simply being assumed?

Now for some details:

Mr. Seitz's concentration figure is a molecular fraction, whereas my freshman-chemistry-book number is parts by *weight*. I calculated the *weight* of CO_2 in the atmosphere (and got it right).

My 50-per-cent-since-1950 increase was admittedly from an eco-hysteric. In fairness to my source, however, it didn't start in 1950, and the total increment by now is 30 per cent. We're arguing whether the number is 15 times too big to explain or only 10 times too big to explain.

Seitz observes that the 200 billion tons per year and 6 b t/y above are only the carbon parts of the carbon dioxide. He's right. I accept that criticism and confess to no little embarrassment over it. Note, however, that the *ratio*, and with it the above conclusion—the point of the whole discussion—is unaffected by that blunder.

On the question of whether forests and oceans do or do not emit CO_2, Seitz has confused net flux with gross fluxes in and out. This is the same as saying that since the books come out even at the end of the day, banks do not put out and take in money. On this point, Seitz's quarrel is not with me but with everybody. Every rotting log and leaf gives off CO_2 as the fungi consumes it.

Some points to ponder:

While the 2400 b ton number for atmospheric total (1950) is not changed by correcting CO_2 to carbon in the fluxes, a big change occurs in the time scale. 200 somethings/year now means 730 b t/y, and 730 b t/y—compared to 2400 b t total—means the whole atmospheric supply turns over in about 4 years, instead of 12 years as I had it before, and instead of the 100 years you can find given in some places. It also means that if we pretend man-made CO_2 stays in the atmosphere, we can get up to 30 per cent or 50 per cent in a much shorter time than my previous 200 years. *And it also means that now pretending our CO_2 stays there is a meaningless exercise.**

What we are seeing—actually measuring—is over ten times bigger than what we can be producing by burning. That bigger effect, even if it's "only" 30 per cent instead of 50 per cent (yet), is conceivably due to something else we're doing, but may very well be totally outside our cause or control. Since this effect—starting at least before the Civil War—is growing at an ever increasing rate, I suspect this fact will become progressively more obvious in the next decade or two. Some atmospheric El Niño-like thing has been building for over a century. Dazzled by the coincidence with our own smaller but simultaneous CO_2 emission growth, we haven't even begun considering that possibility.

Restricting and taxing CO_2 emission will be painful, expensive, and *useless*.

Sincerely,
Lonnie Van Zandt
West Lafayette, Ind.

*Even so, if you factor in the growth of CO_2 production, humanity's total since the burning of Rome is still only a little more than the observed excess.

Gentlemen: Fascinating. But no more. Thank you very much. **—WFB**

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ON THE SCENE

Gremlins in Clintonland

PETER W. RODMAN

Roberto Parada

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE Democratic Party is a large unruly beast, a mass of contradictory pressures—liberal and centrist, radical black and traditionalist white ethnic, gay and straight, yuppie elitist and blue-collar union member. It was Bill Clinton's brilliant achievement to have unified his party early in the year; all its obstreperous elements clung together, on their best behavior, in their hunger to win. Now the President-elect confronts the reality that taming the beast is the *sine qua non* for governing, not only for winning. The flap about gays in the military—and the gays' campaign against Sam Nunn—is only a hint of problems yet to come in reconciling the competing claimants for Clinton's attention.

Clinton's transition is on schedule, by all accounts. Nevertheless, for this President-elect there is probably an unusual amount of pain in the process. He held his happy coalition together by being all things to all people; he must now make choices. More than most Presidents-elect, Clinton is defining the whole direction of his Administration by his personnel selections. Every person chosen disappoints half a dozen others—plus the constituencies they represent. Will Clinton be a "new and different Democrat," cleaving to the center? Or a traditional liberal, beholden to the party's ideological core?

Splits in the coalition are already evident. Michael Lind did a good first scorecard (*The New Republic*, September 28), but the field grows.

In economic policy, there are the pro-business types who are in tune with Paul Tsongas's cautionary message ("The Democrats like employment; they just don't like employers"). Some key jobs will go to such moderates, like Lloyd Bentsen at Treasury and Goldman Sachs's Robert Rubin in the White House. On the other side are the redistributionists, like socialist Derek Shearer and the army of Keynesians convinced that the Reagan years produced mass poverty. The Administration will include both.

Robert Reich, another likely White House advisor, is an advocate of industrial policy; government "investment" is one of Mr. Clinton's favorite catchphrases. The Little Rock "economic retreat" this month is a harbinger of the business–labor–government "partnership" that is again in vogue. Yet the more sensible of the moderates, like Bentsen and Rubin, are likely to know the limits of corporatism as a substitute for the market.

Then there is the face-off over trade. Reich is seen as a free-trader. So are the liberal experts interested in, say, Latin America. These folks support the North American Free Trade Agreement and George Bush's aspiration of extending it to the rest of the hemisphere. On the other side are a new school of liberal economists who challenge the free-trade orthodoxy (Laura Tyson, Ira Magaziner, Robert Kuttner, Lester Thurow), plus that eight-hundred-pound mercantilist gorilla, the AFL-CIO, which rendered Mr. Clinton mute on trade during the campaign and forced a very misleading "endorsement" of the NAFTA. (The candidate called for renegotiating key side agreements, which could queer the deal.) The evident temptation to woo the Perot voters is another protectionist weight on the scale.

In foreign affairs, the party's schizophrenia is even more evident. There are centrists, like Nunn, Les Aspin, and Jim Woolsey, who take defense seriously and have no illusion that the need for our military has disappeared. Mr. Clinton has affirmed his willingness to use force if necessary to preserve our interests—thus turning his back on his own McGovernite past and the legacy of Carterism, which was profoundly uncomfortable with American power, seeing it as the source of much evil. Yet the Clinton Administration is sure to be populated by Carter–Vance veterans like Anthony Lake, a thoughtful liberal whose conversion to the new (post-Reagan) dispensation is uncertain. Clinton himself has proposed big defense cutbacks that will make it hard to sustain the international role he claims to support—a kind of voodoo national-security policy.

On matters specifically military, there are the pressure groups whose interest in the armed forces seems to be mostly as another laboratory for social experimentation—gays seeking vindication, feminists pushing women into combat. (We should be grateful that they now at least don't want the military abolished.) For a while, disaster relief and cases of "humanitarian intervention" (as in Somalia) will help maintain liberal support for the military, while seeming to postpone the need for strategic understanding.

Coming from another direction are some neo-conservatives (Penn Kemble, Richard Schifter, Joshua Muravchik), now re-defected to the Democrats, who see in Clinton a muscular neo-Wilsonian. For them, promoting democracy is our paramount objective in a post-cold-war world. Yet these

Mr. Rodman, now an NR *senior editor, was an official in the Reagan and Bush Administrations.*

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healthy aspirations may quickly run up against the usual geopolitical complexities, as when the human-rights weapon is wielded against countries we may have a strategic interest in (Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, China, Ukraine, etc.). Lind predicts that the internationalists in the new Administration, invoking the needs of coalition-building, will sooner or later end up in a clash with the human-rights absolutists.

Perhaps the most serious division, however, will be between the economic nationalists and the strategic internationalists. Protectionism's modern home is the Democratic Party; pressures from Congress and the unions will only be reinforced by moves toward industrial policy and wooing the Perot constituency. The policy-making structure (the new "Economic Security Council" in the White House) may well institutionalize a more confrontational posture toward our major allies, by giving greater voice to the economic agencies of our government and the special interests they represent. The centrist internationalists who see a vital interest in preserving the *political* links with Europe and Japan (all the more necessary as anarchy spreads and Germany and Japan grow economically stronger) may find themselves outgunned.

The word is that Mr. Clinton wants to cling to the center and therefore intends to put both economic and foreign policy in the hands of grown-ups. But what will he give the Left?

The history of both parties in the past 25 years shows the hazards to a President of letting his base split under him—LBJ in 1968; Carter challenged by Ted Kennedy in 1980; Ford in 1976; Bush in 1992. For Clinton, perhaps his McGovernite roots and his radical-chic spouse will be enough to retain the liberals' loyalty. But he has to give the activists *something*.

I see three possibilities:

First, the Supreme Court and the cultural issues (e.g., abortion, the Endowments for the Arts and Humanities, feminism and gay rights, affirmative-action quotas). But this has the greatest potential for alienating the blue-collar, ethnic "Reagan Democrats" whom the Democrats fantasize about having recaptured.

Second, staffing the regulatory juggernaut (environmental and energy regimes, new labor practices, the Ralph Nader agenda). But this (plus tax policy) has great potential to slow down the economic recovery.

Third, mid-level foreign-policy staffers with a flower-child agenda (the global Green crusade, embrace of the ANC, reconciliation with Hanoi, sentimentality about whatever other die-hard revolutionaries may be left). This has the potential to produce Andy Young–style embarrassments.

Mr. Clinton is haunted by the ghost of Jimmy Carter. But the gremlins who could do him in will be found not in Plains, Georgia, but inside his own Administration, in jobs which, even as you read this, are in the process of being filled. □

Ukraine on the Brink

RADEK SIKORSKI

DNEPROPETROVSK

YUZHMASH is the factory Nikita Khrushchev had in mind when he said that the Soviet Union was "making missiles like sausages." Behind a grim perimeter fence at Yuzhmash, in the city of Dnepropetrovsk in southern Ukraine, fifty thousand workers produced all the Soviet strategic missiles, from the SS-4 of the Cuban Missile Crisis to the giant SS-18 with its ten independent nuclear warheads.

With demand for strategic missiles slack of late, the factory has tried to diversify. Satellites for civilian use are still assembled here, but the vast hall in which the missiles were assembled now houses an assembly line for trolleybuses. When each trolleybus is completed, a team of rocket scientists in white coats pushes it out into the yard, where the vehicle is connected to electric wires and driven out into town. The factory also makes microwave ovens, aircraft parts, and, this year alone, 35,000 tractors.

It could produce more, except that the diesel engines—as well as, on average, 70 per cent of the components of all Yuzhmash's products—come from other republics of the former Soviet Union, mainly Russia.

"What would a trade war with Russia mean for you?" I asked Yuri Alekseyev, the factory's bright new director, in an office filled with missile and satellite scale models.

"Utter disaster," he replied cheerfully. "We have already laid off three thousand workers. Without cooperation with Russia, we cannot function." He could have added that the factory will also go bust if anything like normal monetary discipline is enforced. While adamantly denying that Yuzhmash survives on subsidies, Mr. Alekseyev admitted that he received credit at 15 to 18 per cent per annum—at a time when the *weekly* inflation rate amounted to almost as much.

Yuzhmash is not unique. Eighteen hundred other Ukrainian companies in the quaintly named Ministry for the Military–Industrial Complex (and Conversion) jointly employ over three million workers and account for over 35 per cent of all Ukrainian output. Once, these were among the best Soviet enterprises; most now face disaster. Ukraine could, for example, make the eminently saleable T-80 tank, except that the 122mm cannon and the explosive reactive armor—the very things that make it such a feared machine—are made in Russia.

That is the story of Ukraine as a whole. Ukraine was a relatively wealthy part of the USSR—as California is of the United States. California on its own could be a major industrial power—provided it continued trading with the rest of the United States. But sever California from the other states by a customs barrier, give it a currency which nobody accepts, and appoint as governor an old ACLU hack, and California would be heading in the same direction as Ukraine.

The moral of the tale would not be lost on Leonid Kuchma, Ukraine's new prime minister, who was managing director of Yuzhmash until last month. His appointment is the last-ditch attempt by the surviving elements of the Soviet industrial elite to run a command economy by the old ways. If Mr. Kuchma—one of the brightest and best of the old military-industrial complex—cannot do it, nobody can. But

Mr. Sikorski, NR's roving correspondent, was briefly Poland's deputy defense minister.

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Matt Jasiorkowski

then, Mr. Kuchma's Communist political patrons might be in for a surprise. His colleagues at Yuzhmash stress his passionate dedication to market reform and privatization.

Despite President Leonid Kravchuk's high-profile nationalist declarations, the hard fact is that Ukraine is not yet truly independent. True, there are many outward signs of sovereignty. Thirty embassies have opened up in Kiev since independence was declared exactly one year ago. The city's hotels can hardly cope with the influx of correspondents, consultants, and bankers. Local mafiosi, who only two years ago were small-time money changers dressed in track suits, today drive BMWs and wear Armani. From a provincial backwater Kiev is slowly transforming itself into a capital, albeit a Third World one. But the border with Russia exists only on maps, the currency is funny money that can be crippled at a stroke, and, above all, Ukraine's political leadership is still firmly of the old Soviet Communist stable. This schizophrenia is well reflected at the Kiev international airport. A quarter of the planes on the tarmac still sport the Soviet red flag with hammer and sickle on their tails, another quarter are marked "Aeroflot" but with the red flag painted over, and only one, brightly painted all over in the national yellow and blue, proclaims: "Ukrainian Airlines." Vyacheslav Chornovil, a leader of the largest opposition movement, Rukh, says: "This is not a state, yet. It's an amoeba."

The time of testing for Ukraine's resolve is approaching fast. Mr. Kuchma has already faced a major crisis in his first days in office. Ukraine's ersatz money is the *kupon*, a purely cash currency which was exchanged for the *ruble* at par when paid into a bank. The system worked to Ukraine's advantage because Ukraine printed as many *kupons* as were necessary to cover its budget deficit and then drew unlimited *ruble* credits from Moscow. It amounted to exporting Ukrainian inflation into Russia. Recently, however, Moscow has not only cut the credit line but also demanded hard-currency payment for oil and gas. Instantly, the *kupon*'s market value started to plunge—it went from 480 to the dollar to 530 in only a few days while I was in Kiev. For lack of gasoline, traffic in the eastern city of Donetsk almost ceased.

Sooner or later an economic implosion is inevitable. Ukraine enjoyed a trade surplus as long as it charged high prices for its agricultural produce and paid a pittance for raw materials. The coming economic reckoning will impose on Ukraine an unenviable decision: either to continue to tie its economy to Russia's—and be dragged into a hyperinflationary black hole together with its neighbor—or try to cut the umbilical cord by introducing a truly separate currency—and then pay for raw materials at world prices. Either way, living standards will drop dramatically, and popular support for independence with them. That support was always founded on an error. Millions of people believed that an independent Ukraine would be richer than either the Soviet Union or Russia. That is still true in the long run, but in the short run, if the Russian-speaking people of Doneck in eastern Ukraine see themselves as worse off than their relatives in the border cities of southern Russia, they will think again about independence. Moscow has already shown in Lithuania how effective an oil embargo can be in influencing local politics. If, at a critical moment, Moscow were also to agitate the Russian speakers east of Kiev, then Ukraine would find it difficult to resist the pressure.

Ukraine is ill prepared for the looming crisis. Its parliament is still that of the Soviet Socialist Republic of Ukraine. Its president, Leonid Kravchuk, former ideology secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party, has appointed old Party chiefs as his provincial prefects. Ukraine's economic reforms drag behind even Russia's. And the former anti-Communist opposition is divided. Radicals advocate new parliamentary elections and a great leap forward into a market economy, but the majority support President Kravchuk's half-hearted efforts.

And yet, the birth of an independent Ukraine is one of the most important strategic developments in this part of Europe this century. Its success is vital to Western interests.

Moscow became a proper European power in the first place when it snatched Ukraine from Poland at the end of the eighteenth century. Without it, Russia's presence in the "common European home" is much diminished.

Ukraine is a tripwire for any resurgence of Russian expansionism. It is the one former Soviet republic in whose loss even Russian democrats have trouble acquiescing, let alone the Soviet generals who now seem to be running security policy in the Kremlin. Were a new, unfriendly regime to come to power in Moscow, its aggression would first turn against Ukraine.

As long as the Ukrainian buffer is in place, however, the immediate pressure is off Eastern Europe, while Western Europe is positively snug behind those two lines of defense. A safe Eastern Europe is an Eastern Europe eligible for integration into the economic and security structures of the West. And a Westernized Eastern Europe gives the best promise of eventual admission for Ukraine and ultimately for Russia.

Naturally, the West cannot solve Ukraine's problems for it. Ukrainian leaders, just like other post-Communist leaders, must themselves have the courage to face the ghastly truth about the mess their country is in. As long as they talk of delaying market reform because "the price of reform is too high," we can be sure that they

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still have not understood that the price of not reforming is very much greater. But the worst thing the West could do would be to play up to their ignorance and illusions. In strictly economic terms, post-Communist countries are not much more than extreme versions of Latin American basket cases, and should be treated accordingly, by insisting on the same common-sense standards that apply universally: of sound money, budgetary restraint, and denationalization.

What the West can do is to treat Ukraine fairly. Margaret Thatcher, when she said in Kiev that she would no more consider establishing a British Embassy there than in Texas, and George Bush, when he made his "chicken Kiev" speech, made the same error. They followed the advice of Kremlinologists in their respective foreign-policy establishments—that is, people who, through decades of conditioning, still look at Eastern Europe through Moscow's eyes. The same pattern continues today. Russia gets a gentle slap on the wrist when it sells weaponry to the West's enemies, but when Ukraine tries to sell even its peaceful missile technology to Australia—as recently happened—all hell breaks loose. Kiev remembers all too well that the security guarantees Ukraine received from the U.S. in return for giving up its tactical nuclear missiles have proven to be bogus. Today Ukraine retains over a hundred ballistic nuclear missiles. It is in nobody's interest for the West to further a sense of grievance in a volatile country on the brink of disaster. □

Korea's Perot?

DONALD KIRK

SEOUL

THE founder of South Korea's largest family fortune, Chung Ju Yung, goes back to his early attempts at running away from his peasant father's home for proof of his ability to recover from failure. Caught in his first two or three tries, he finally made it to the docks of Inchon. There he got his first job, as a stevedore, in the midst of the depression gripping the industrial world.

Chung's life since then has followed a similar pattern—dreams, frustrations, overwhelming success. It was that way when he founded Hyundai, meaning "modern," as a sidestreet garage after World War II, and it was that way as he groped and grappled his way to riches in fields ranging from construction to motor vehicles to petrochemicals and electronics. The question is whether it can be that way again as the 77-year-old Chung pursues the presidency of Korea in the election on December 18.

The temptation, of course, is to say that South Korea has its own version of Ross Perot. Chung, however, is annoyed by the comparison, which reporters keep thrusting upon him. When I saw him, he pointed out two differences between himself and Perot.

Katherine Trunk

For one, he said, "I have a party and he is an independent." Then, he added, "I am sure of my success."

Chung's real antagonist is the incumbent president, Roh Tae Woo, who in 1987 instituted the democratic reforms under which the election is being held. Roh won Korea's first direct presidential election under the new constitution, but by law he cannot succeed himself. His hopes lie in veteran politician Kim Young Sam, who ran against him in 1987 and then united with him to form the Democratic Liberal Party.

This election may be the last chance for the 64-year-old "YS," who first won popularity as an heroic figure willing to undergo house arrest for his opposition to military rule. His accommodation with Roh's party reveals his now-or-never desperation—and his skill as a conciliator in a society riven by regional and factional feuding. Notoriously inept when it comes to responding to specific questions, YS has a knack for smiling pleasantly amid controversy. Somehow he seemed believable if engagingly naïve when he told South Korean reporters recently he had no money in bank accounts and had never owned stocks or bonds.

Kim Young Sam's problem is the hostility he faces from military officers and others who persist in seeing him as an impractical dissident and have bolted the DLP in favor of Chung and lesser candidates. Regionalism is also clearly an issue. YS's main following is based in and around his native Pusan, Korea's second city and biggest port; the chief opposition to him is based in the area around Taegu, spawning ground of Korean military leaders. The split in the ruling party may play into the hands of Kim Dae Jung, 67, perennial radical oppositionist from the restive southwest region of Cholla.

"DJ," a southerner with a coarse accent that grates on the nerves of Seoul sophisticates, sees the election as his moment for gaining the national power he has craved through a decade and a half in jails and prison hospitals. The fact that he remains a major political force testifies to the country's progress since 1980, when he was arrested and sentenced to death for whatever role he played in fostering a revolt in the southwestern city of Kwangju in which soldiers killed several hundred rebels. DJ was saved only by strong U.S. pressure—and by his two years' "exile" in America.

Kim Young Sam remains the frontrunner, but Kim Dae Jung could conceivably edge him out if Chung, the spoiler, does well. The irony is that the radical DJ might then be obliged to repay the conservative Chung, with political favors for his family and Hyundai.

No matter what the result, it is to the great credit of President Roh that the election is taking place at all. It promises an end to the rule by military leaders that dates from Park Chung Hee's coup of 1961. Park abandoned all pretense of democracy after

Mr. Kirk is a veteran foreign correspondent.

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Kim Dae Jung ten years later won a startling 45 per cent of the votes in an election marred by corruption and violence. Korea turned still more dictatorial under Chun Doo Hwan, the general who seized power after Park's assassination by his intelligence chief in 1979.

No one can be altogether sure, however, that those days are gone forever. While the generals superficially appear to have curbed their ambitions, they might grow impatient under either of the Kims. They would be much more comfortable with Chung—like them, an authority figure who owes much of his success to the largesse of Park beginning in the 1960s.

The irascible Chung may rank third among major contestants but runs first in the ferocity of his campaign. He crisscrosses the country saying that his main qualification is that he knows "something about business" and that he will undo the work of those responsible for "ruining the economy." That strikes a responsive chord among Koreans alarmed by double-digit inflation, a trade deficit expected to reach $4 billion for 1992, and a declining growth rate. As in the American presidential campaign, eleventh-hour indicators showing the economy on an upswing may be too late. It's an indication of how strong the Korean economy has been in the recent past—the GNP grew by 10 per cent per year for several years running—that the current growth rate of 6.5 per cent is regarded as cause for discontent.

Chung's motives, to be sure, are not altogether altruistic. His differences with President Roh go back to the latter's efforts to reduce Hyundai's overpowering position in half the key sectors of industry. The rift got personal last year when tax collectors dunned Chung, family members, and Hyundai companies for $180 million they claimed were owed after Chung divided his holdings among his relatives. As if that were not enough, fifth son Chung Mong Hun—chairman of Hyundai Electronics and vice chairman of Hyundai Merchant Marine—and two former top executives spent last spring and summer in prison on charges of funneling money into the old man's party (they eventually got off with suspended sentences).

The irony of democracy in Korea is that Chung, having enriched himself off easy credit and fat contracts in the years of dictatorship, is, in the new atmosphere of freedom, throwing as much energy into denouncing the regime as he ever did to amassing his fortune.

Up at 3 A.M., he begins work within the hour, telephoning subordinates and receiving visitors in his home on a slope overlooking the Blue House, the presidential mansion. Around 5:30 A.M., he breakfasts with his six surviving sons, a nephew, and his security chief. (The eldest son died a decade ago in a motor-vehicle accident, and son number four committed suicide two years ago.) They eat hastily, and then, accompanied by two or three more security guards, walk briskly en masse to the United People's Party headquarters in an office tower two miles away.

The morning walk is all part of a routine that Chung initiated before stepping down as "honorary chairman" of Hyundai at the end of 1991. Chung's American-educated sixth son, Chung Mong Joon, national assemblyman from Ulsan, "Hyundai City," answered quickly when asked the consequences of not showing up for breakfast. "It is," he told me, "unthinkable." The veneration, the fear, the appeal of Chung are all evident inside his office complex. Clerks, secretaries, assistants fall silent and stand at attention as he strides into his inner sanctum.

Chung's campaign style, however, inspires genuine respect regardless of power or position. He is at his best when talking business—as when he tours marketplaces at that critical hour of the day when the merchants have arranged their wares but are still not besieged by customers.

On one such tour, through the Tongdaemun or East Gate market, he was on his feet for two hours beginning at 4 A.M., listening carefully to merchants' complaints about the economy, always promising with a businesslike smile to "handle the matter." Several days later, he did the same at the vegetable market on the south side of the city, pacing long aisles before breakfasting on a delicacy whipped up from boiled cow's blood. (Luckily I was not told the identity of the rubbery dark red substance until I had more or less digested it.)

Chung, like most Koreans, opposes American efforts to pry open Korea's closed markets, but he calls regularly at the American embassy. Ambassador Donald Gregg advised him on whom to see when he stopped in Washington at the end of August after a visit with Mexico's President Carlos Salinas, whom he admires for leading his country out of its economic depths.

Various scandals, financial and sexual (Chung has at least one illegitimate son), have done little to tarnish his image. The real issue is whether his business success qualifies him to reform Korea's economy. No one doubts that he has the muscle to embarrass the government if he loses the election. He leads a 32-seat bloc in the 299-seat national assembly, after shocking President Roh's party in assembly elections in March.

Government bureaucrats worry, meanwhile, about the economic implications of undermining Hyundai, whose projected total 1992 sales of $55 billion top all Korea's *chaebol* (industrial conglomerates). After telling banks not to extend credit to Hyundai companies, authorities relented on the grounds that Chung had "resigned," even though a younger brother remains chairman and his sons all own pieces of the equity. "If the government does any harm to Hyundai, it will only damage the economy," notes an American diplomat. "Hyundai is synonymous with the Korean economic miracle." □

Marching through Georgia

CHARLTON HESTON

ATLANTA

AS REPUBLICANS roam the battlefield counting casualties and regrouping after November 3, few flags fly. One triumphant banner marks Paul Coverdell's runoff victory in Georgia for the junior seat in the U.S. Senate. His defeat of ultraliberal incumbent Wyche Fowler confounded Democratic predictions of a four-seat gain in that chamber, preserving the status quo ante, and also

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discrediting media claims of a liberal sea-change in the electorate.

I was there. I think I know Georgia pretty well. As a boy, I used to hunt quail at my uncle's farm in Midland, near Columbus, where I also went to school in the fifth grade. I know about the strong industrial economy in the northern counties, the vigorous agricultural base in the south, and the extraordinary dynamism of Atlanta. You could argue that Georgia includes every kind of Southerner, and most kinds of American.

Wyche Fowler is an unlikely kind of candidate to be elected in Georgia, even on the Democratic ticket. Georgians, including Democrats, tend to be uncompromisingly patriotic, with strong views on defense, what remains of their wilderness and hunting rights, stable families, moderate taxation, and support for business and small farms. Most are religious; almost all respect those who are. Sam Nunn, the state's Democratic senior senator, is a good example. To a Beltway liberal, he looks a lot like a Republican.

Fowler, in contrast, is a full-blown tax-and-spend liberal, a Ted Kennedy clone. He was, however, astute enough to realize he could never win the Democratic nomination in Georgia, let alone the election, by flaunting his convictions. So he concealed them well enough to be elected with a modest margin in 1986.

Paul Coverdell, in sharp contrast, is a genuine Georgia conservative. In two decades of service in the State Senate, he became Minority Leader, earning respect as an able legislator and as a determined, if not stunningly charismatic, campaigner. He resigned to accept President Bush's offer to head the Peace Corps in 1989. He served there effectively, but it hardly seemed an ideal launching pad for national elective office.

Nevertheless, Coverdell perceived Fowler's vulnerabilities as a fake conservative nearly two years ago. Perhaps buoyed by President Bush's sky-high ratings after Desert Storm, he prepared his challenge for Fowler's seat, filing for the Republican primary. He won a dogfight with four other candidates, extending to a runoff primary election. Although he gained the support of all four of his opponents and sharpened his campaign skills, the primary all but exhausted his funds.

Like most Democratic candidates, Fowler had an ample warchest, more than half of it supplied by out-of-state contributions and AFL-CIO funding (Georgia is a right-to-work state, anathema to Big Labor). As the Clinton people focused on the campaign, it caught my attention, too. I had met Paul Coverdell in New Orleans during the 1988 convention; he impressed me. As the President's campaign stumbled, Georgia and Coverdell's run there seemed increasingly important.

Robert Prince

It was a state where I had roots; Paul agreed I might be helpful. I scheduled a visit for the day before the election.

For me, campaigning is a lot like selling a movie or peddling a book; Lord knows I've done that long enough to learn how. We moved around the state, touching base in cities like Augusta and Savannah, doing the appropriate interviews and wringing as much exposure as possible out of my public face. It was a grey and drizzly day, but the crowds were responsive. That's always hard to read, though. Obviously, the people who turn out to see you are already committed. I thought Paul did a good job, deeply informed on the issues and responding to questions with more than a glib campaign sound bite. The question was: how effectively were we reaching the people who didn't show up at the rally, but would be there for the vote?

The morning after the election was a gloomy time, lightened only by the word from Georgia; neither Coverdell nor Fowler had won a majority (there had been a third-party candidate who snared 3 per cent of the vote), and so, under Georgia law, a runoff was required. I phoned Paul's headquarters; I was coming back.

Fowler, whose campaign in the regular election had been casual, was galvanized into action, most of it spent in harsh personal attacks on Coverdell, all of them invented. Several Georgia newspapers, including the *Albany Herald*, which had never before endorsed a Republican, came out for Coverdell in reaction to Fowler's odious fantasies. Paul also did well in several debates, in which Fowler stumbled.

Nevertheless, the Democrats were pouring money into Fowler's campaign. More important, major players were dispatched to save the day. First Gore, then Clinton, by then President-elect, came down to plead for votes (though Fowler had avoided Clinton in the primary).

GOP stalwarts Dole, Gramm, Gingrich, and Kemp strode the hustings; Barbara Bush appeared as well. Dollars began to pour into Coverdell headquarters. I went back, days before the runoff, and stumped the state again with Paul. When he met me at the Atlanta airport before dawn, he apologized for the rigor of the schedule we faced. "I didn't fly two thousand miles for an easy day, pal," I said. "Let's do it."

So we did . . . eight different venues in every part of the state. We took off for Rome as the sun was rising and watched it set as we flew back from Macon 12 hours later. We saw a lot of Georgia, and a lot of Georgians, in between.

It was a deeply rewarding experience for me. When I got on the commercial jet for home that night, I thought, "By God, we did the best we could." A few days later, it was enough. Paul Coverdell was elected, only the second Republican Georgia has sent to the Senate since Reconstruction. We have a good man there, replacing a senator who served six years in disguise. Georgia and the U.S. Senate will surely be better off now. And I have the deep satisfaction, rare for a single citizen, of feeling that maybe I made a difference.

It was the last campaign of the 1992 elections. Or perhaps the first campaign of 1996. □

Mr. Heston is currently working on his autobiography, an excerpt from which appears on p. 38.

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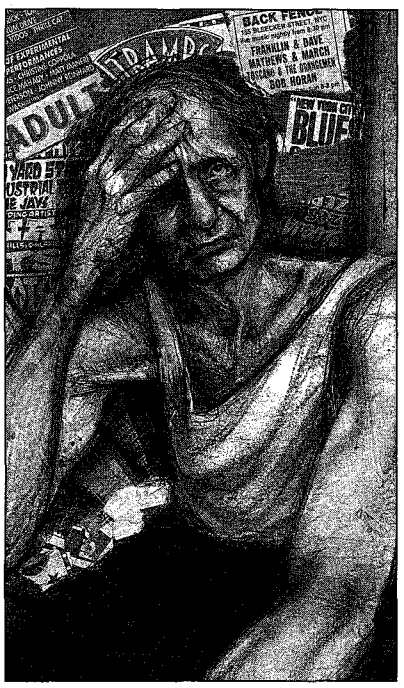

Avoidable Error

THE MENTAL-HEALTH MESS

Serious, incapacitating mental illness is often treatable. Our federal and state governments—sometimes with the best of motives, sometimes not—have conspired not to treat it.

E. FULLER TORREY M.D.

PROVIDING care for people with serious mental illnesses has been seen as a legitimate function of state government since before there was a United States. In 1766 Governor Francis Fauquier went before the Virginia House of Burgesses and asked for funds to open the first public psychiatric hospital. Fauquier was concerned about the increasing number of the seriously mentally ill—people we would diagnose today as having schizophrenia and manic-depressive psychosis—who were accumulating on the streets and in the jails of Williamsburg and other Virginia towns. Fauquier's efforts led to the opening of what would become Eastern State Hospital. For the next two hundred years state governments accepted full responsibility for these people, housing them in state-operated asylums because there was no effective treatment for their illnesses.

In the past thirty years this situation has changed dramatically. First, medications became available to control many of the psychiatric symptoms—medications such as Prolixin, Haldol, and Navane, which control the voices and delusional thinking of schizophrenia, and lithium, which controls the mania of manic-depressive psychosis.

Next, we began emptying the state psychiatric hospitals, reducing their overall population from 559,000 in 1955 to just over 100,000 today. Most of the people thus released *could* live in the community *if* they continued to receive medication and other aftercare. But we have not provided this aftercare, for reasons that will be explained below. The consequence has been the largest social disaster in late-twentieth-century America.

The dimensions of the disaster are obvious to anyone who has been downtown in any American city in the past ten years. The seriously mentally ill, who make up one-third of the total homeless population, can be seen on streetcorners chatting amiably with or responding angrily to voices in their heads. These individuals are suffering from schizophrenia and manic-depressive illness. At the time they were discharged from state psychiatric hospitals almost all of them were taking their medication and were clinically in reasonable condition. But that was months or years ago; they failed to receive aftercare, and so they became sick again and eventually homeless.

A study in Massachusetts showed that 27 per cent of those discharged from state psychiatric hospitals became homeless within six months; a similar study in Ohio found the figure to be 36 per cent. These people joined other mentally ill homeless people in cities like New York and San Francisco.

Another measure of the mental-health mess is the increasing number of mentally ill people in jails and prisons. A recent survey found that, on any given day, there are approximately 30,700 persons with schizophrenia or manic-depressive illness among the 426,000 inmates in the nation's local jails. Many of these mentally ill inmates *have no charges whatsoever against them* but are merely being held in jail awaiting transportation to, or the availability of a bed in, a state psychiatric hospital. In 17 states it is still legal to hold such mentally ill people in jail without any charges. Another large segment of the mentally ill in jails are there on minor charges, such as "dine-and-dash" (ordering a restaurant meal they cannot pay for). Sometimes police charge the men-

Dr. Torrey is a research psychiatrist and writer in Washington, D.C. His most recent book is Freudian Fraud: The Malignant Effect of Freud's Theory on American Thought and Culture *(HarperCollins, 1992).*

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET HAMLIN

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tally ill with minor crimes just to get them off the streets, a practice commonly known as "mercy bookings." In the jail survey 69 per cent of the respondents said that the number of seriously mentally ill inmates has increased in the past ten years.

Studies in state prisons corroborate these findings. A recent summary of these studies by Dr. Ron Jemelka and his colleagues at the University of Washington concluded that 10 to 15 per cent of the 771,000 inmates in state prisons are seriously mentally ill. This would be approximately 100,000 inmates. When this number is combined with the 30,700 seriously mentally ill in local jails and the 116,000 in the homeless population, it becomes evident that, on any given day, approximately 250,000 seriously mentally ill people—a quarter of a million—are living on the streets, in public shelters, in jails, and in prisons.

Another measure of the mental-health mess is the increasing episodes of public violence by the *untreated* mentally ill. (It is important to emphasize the word "untreated," because studies have shown that *treated* individuals with serious mental illness are *not* more dangerous than the general population.) Such cases include Juan Gonzalez, who killed two people with a sword on New York's Staten Island ferry; Sylvia Seegrist, who shot ten people in a shopping center near Philadelphia; Laurie Dann, who shot six children in an elementary school near Chicago; Herbert Mullin, who randomly killed thirteen people near San Francisco; and James Brady, who shot five people in a shopping mall in Atlanta. All of these people had been identified as seriously mentally ill and were in need of treatment but were not receiving it. A recent study of people who push strangers in front of subway trains in New York City showed that more than half of them had a diagnosis of schizophrenia but apparently were receiving no treatment.

Such cases are merely the visible tip of an iceberg of violence. A recent study of families of the seriously mentally ill, carried out by the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill, reported that in 11 per cent of these families the person who was mentally ill had physically attacked a family member or someone else within the past year. In most instances the mentally ill person was not receiving treatment at the time.

Six Mistakes

THE mental-health mess is all the sadder because we *know* how to organize good services for those with serious mental illnesses. Furthermore, approximately $25 billion is being spent each year by federal, state, and local governments on public mental-health services, a remarkably large amount of money, given the mediocre product being delivered. It is neither lack of knowledge nor lack of funds, then, that has produced the mental-health mess. Rather it is the consequences of six mistakes that have been made over the years. Three of these mistakes were made by the Federal Government, one by both federal and state government, and one by state government alone; the sixth mistake was made by everyone.

1. *Federal funds were misdirected.* In the early 1960s, when the discharge of hundreds of thousands of the seriously mentally ill from state psychiatric hospitals was just getting under way, President John F. Kennedy proposed using federal funds as seed money to help start Community Mental-Health Centers (CMHCs) to treat the mentally ill closer to home. In congressional hearings it was explicitly stated that the proposed CMHCs would provide care for patients discharged from state hospitals.

From day one the CMHC program was an abysmal failure. Federal officials by-passed state mental-health authorities in funding local programs, thereby earning the permanent enmity of the states. The National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) provided vague guidelines and virtually no oversight, so that some CMHCs used federal funds to build swimming pools and tennis courts, even hiring swimming instructors on federal staffing grants. A total of 789 CMHCs were eventually given more than $3 billion in federal funds. Follow-up studies of the CMHCs suggest that about 5 per cent of them have provided reasonably good services for the people targeted by the original legislation. The other 95 per cent have simply ignored those people.

2. *Costs were shifted from states to the Federal Government.* Up until the early 1960s, the Federal Government provided only 2 per cent of the total cost of care for those with serious mental illnesses. When the Federal Government began funding CMHCs, however, it also decided to make the seriously mentally ill eligible for emerging federal programs such as Medicare, Medicaid, Supplemental Security Income (SSI), Social Security Disability Income (SSDI), food stamps, and federal housing subsidies.

As a result, states have tried to empty their psychiatric hospitals, for which they pay virtually all the costs, and let the patients become eligible for the various federal subsidies instead. Once the patients have been discharged, the states close down those beds. If the patients need re-admission, the states direct them to the psychiatric wards of general hospitals, where federal Medicaid funds will cover much of the cost.

Furthermore, the states, having discharged patients, have no incentive to provide aftercare. The discharged patients can end up homeless or in jail and often do; from a purely fiscal point of view, this costs state mental-health authorities nothing, since shelters and jails are mostly run with local (county and city) funds. The single most important function of state mental-health authorities today is to find additional ways to shift costs to other levels of government.

3. *The Federal Government failed to support research.* Research on diseases is a function of government that has been most effectively funded at the federal level. The primary purpose of the National Institute of Mental Health, created in 1946 as a part of the National Institutes of Health, was to do research on "the cause, diagnosis, and treatment of psychiatric disorders." Al-

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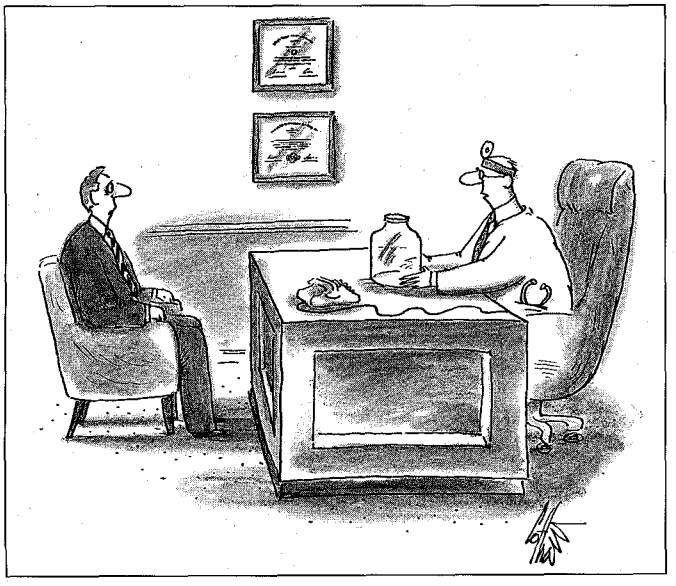
lowance was also made for "training personnel in matters relating to mental health" and for "developing and assisting states" with treatment programs, but research was to be the cornerstone of the Institute.

The NIMH's cornerstone was more like a pebble. Research occupied an increasingly small share of its annual budget, and, within that budget, an increasingly large share of funds was devoted to research on social problems such as violence, racism, and sexism. In 1969 the NIMH left the National Institutes of Health altogether, no longer wishing to be viewed as a research institute. One consequence was neglect of research on schizophrenia and manic-depressive illness. By 1985 the Federal Government was spending the same amount of research money on schizophrenia as it was on tooth decay. Per-patient total research expenditures were 8 times higher for multiple sclerosis than for schizophrenia, 15 times higher for cancer, and 50 times higher for muscular dystrophy.

4. *Federal and state governments failed to ensure adequate manpower in public-sector psychiatric jobs.* In 1940 there were approximately 9,000 psychiatrists, psychologists, and psychiatric social workers in the United States. In 1990 there were over 200,000, a 22-



"Fortunately there's a cure, provided you can collect enough money in convenience stores to pay for it."

fold increase during a period when the population did not quite double. The training of such professionals had traditionally been a function of state government until the 1950s; over the following thirty years more than 2.1 billion federal dollars were spent on training.

The problem was that neither the federal nor state governments made any effort to ensure that the professionals, once trained, would be available for public-sector jobs. During the 1945 congressional hearings creating the NIMH, Representative Clarence J. Brown of Ohio explicitly asked Department of Health, Education, and Welfare officials whether they planned to include some arrangement "whereby a man who gets a subsidy from the Federal Government must pay back or in some way compensate the government" with a period of public service. Dr. Robert Felix, representing HEW, replied that there was such a plan: "I would think that a reasonable requirement of these men would be that they would spend at least one year in public service for every year they spent in training at public [federal] or state expense." Despite such assurances, a payback was never implemented federally until 1981, by which time training funds had been markedly reduced because of the program's failure.

The consequence is that many state mental hospitals and mental-health centers find it virtually impossible to recruit competent staff. In 1985 Wyoming State Hospital went almost a year *with no psychiatrist whatsoever* on its staff; five mental-health centers in South Dakota must share a single psychiatrist (each gets him one day a week); and many centers in rural areas have no psychiatric professionals whatsoever.

Where did all the mental-health professionals go? Most of them went directly into private practice in wealthy neighborhoods. For example, affluent Princeton, New Jersey, has one psychiatrist for every 250 residents, while poorer Jersey City has one for every 13,000. Psychologists and psychiatric social workers are similarly distributed.

5. *States changed their laws to make involuntary hospitalization and treatment more difficult to impose.* A major contributor to the mental-health mess has been lawyers—especially those connected with the American Civil Liberties Union and the Mental Health Law Project—who, with more idealism than common sense, persuaded the majority of state legislatures to change these laws. It would be a great thing if all individuals with schizophrenia and manic-depressive illness could think clearly and understand their need for treatment. Unfortunately the organ they use for thinking, the brain, is the one that is affected by these diseases. Hence approximately half of all those with serious mental illnesses have little or no insight into their own condition or need for treatment.

6. *Until recently, many people misunderstood the nature of serious mental illnesses.* Of all the mistakes that were made, this was the most understandable. In the 1960s, when the foundation for the current problems was being laid, much less was known about the causes of serious mental illnesses. Followers of Freud said the illnesses were caused by bad mothering; Dr. Ronald Laing called them a sane response to an insane world; novelist Ken Kesey described the hospitalized mentally ill as being politically oppressed; Dr. Thomas Szasz claimed that the illnesses did not really exist at all. Looking back, such opinions now seem more thought-disordered than the opinions of the mentally ill.

It is now known that schizophrenia and manic-depressive illness are brain diseases, with structural and functional brain changes, just as multiple sclerosis, Parkinson's disease, and Alzheimer's disease are. As with these other diseases we do not yet know the precise neurochemical, neuropathological, and genetic sequence of causal events, but it *is* clear that these events are biological in nature. Thus, whereas thirty years ago

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well-meaning advocates might open the gates of mental hospitals and hope the released inmates would, by themselves, live happily ever after, as in the movie *King of Hearts*, today we should fully realize that, in order to do so, such individuals will need medication, aftercare, housing, and rehabilitation.

A Way Out

GETTING out of the mental-health mess will depend upon correcting the mistakes that got us into it. The following steps must take place.

1. *Clarify responsibility and funding.* The effort to shift fiscal responsibility from one level of government to another is the single biggest cause of the problem.

One can make a theoretical argument that complete fiscal responsibility for these services should be assigned to the Federal Government. Personally I would disagree, because that fixes responsibility at a level too remote from where the services must be delivered.

State government is a more logical level. Some states, especially larger states, may wish to pass this responsibility down one more level to counties, as California and Wisconsin now do, or to local service boards, as Ohio does. The main point is that fiscal authority must accompany responsibility or the system will not work.

The most logical way to end the current division of both responsibility and fiscal authority is to block-grant to the states all federal funds for the mentally ill. This will be easier to do for programs like Medicaid and Medicare and more difficult for entitlement programs such as SSI and SSDI, but it must be done.

"Please keep all the Supreme Court Justices healthy while Bill Clinton is President."

Fixing responsibility and fiscal authority at the level of state government would make single-source funding possible. This means that decisions regarding how many hospital beds are needed, how to reduce rehospitalization rates, how to develop better housing for the mentally ill, how to develop jobs programs for them, etc., could be made depending on clinical needs, not on what will be reimbursed by federal programs. Single-source funding is the main reason why a Canadian province such as British Columbia offers better services for people with serious mental illnesses than any U.S. state, although British Columbia spends less money on these services than do most states.

2. *Establish priorities.* Mental-health centers in most states try to be all things to all people. They function as counseling centers for marital problems, existential crises, adolescent turmoil, and general unhappiness. Many mental-health centers spend so much staff time on these problems that little time remains for people with serious mental illnesses. Since states are funding these centers, the states can establish priorities any time they wish simply by reimbursing for some conditions (e.g., schizophrenia) but not others (e.g., marital strife).

3. *Encourage innovation.* Present attempts at innovation are severely restricted by the reimbursement formulas of the various federal funding sources. Privatization is one avenue to explore, although the few efforts at privatization so far have resulted in widely varying outcomes. Some ventures (e.g., Northwest Mental Health Services in Seattle) have been highly praised; others (e.g., Brooklyn Psychosocial Rehabilitation Institute in New York) have been accused of offering poor services and of corruption.

4. *Ensure professional manpower for public-sector jobs.* This problem can be solved simply by having an automatic one-year-for-one-year payback obligation attached to all state-funded training programs. Another way to alleviate the shortage of psychiatrists, especially in rural areas, is to provide a special training program for psychologists, physician assistants, and nurse practitioners and then give them the jobs the psychiatrists refuse to take.

5. *Change state laws.* Any state that wishes to do so can change its laws back again, to make it easier to involuntarily hospitalize and treat the seriously mentally ill. A few (e.g., Washington) have already begun.

6. *Ensure adequate research funds.* Within the past five years there has been a marked increase in federal research funds. Much of the leadership on this issue has come from Senator Pete Domenici (R., N.M.). Recent legislation also returned the NIMH to the National Institutes of Health. Finally, private foundations have begun supporting such research; a noteworthy example is the Theodore and Vada Stanley Foundation, which in 1992 alone donated almost $2 million to research on schizophrenia and manic-depressive illness. Such public and private investments of research funds may well pay as rich dividends as they did in the prevention of polio.

In summary, solutions to the mental-health mess are possible if government has the will to implement them. The leadership issue is further complicated by the fact that mental-health issues have traditionally been politicized. Advocates for the mentally ill have been strongly identified with liberal causes and Democratic politics, whereas opponents of mental-health causes have been identified with right-wing organizations (and particularly with the John Birch Society in the 1950s and 1960s). It is time to move beyond this traditional dichotomy. The mess has now been presided over by three Democratic and four Republican Presidents. Serious mental illnesses are not respecters of political boundaries. The mental-health mess is truly bipartisan in origin and must be bipartisan in solution. □

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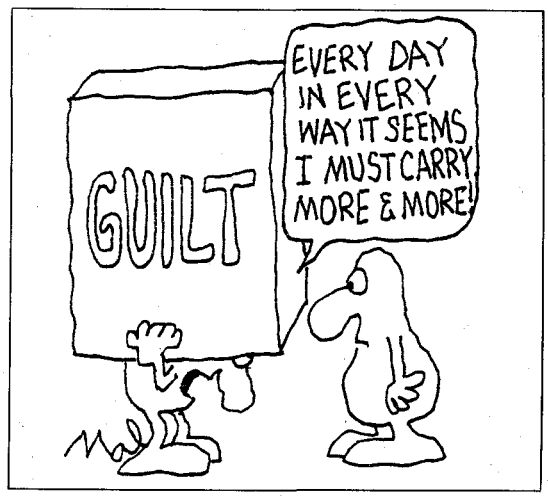
help



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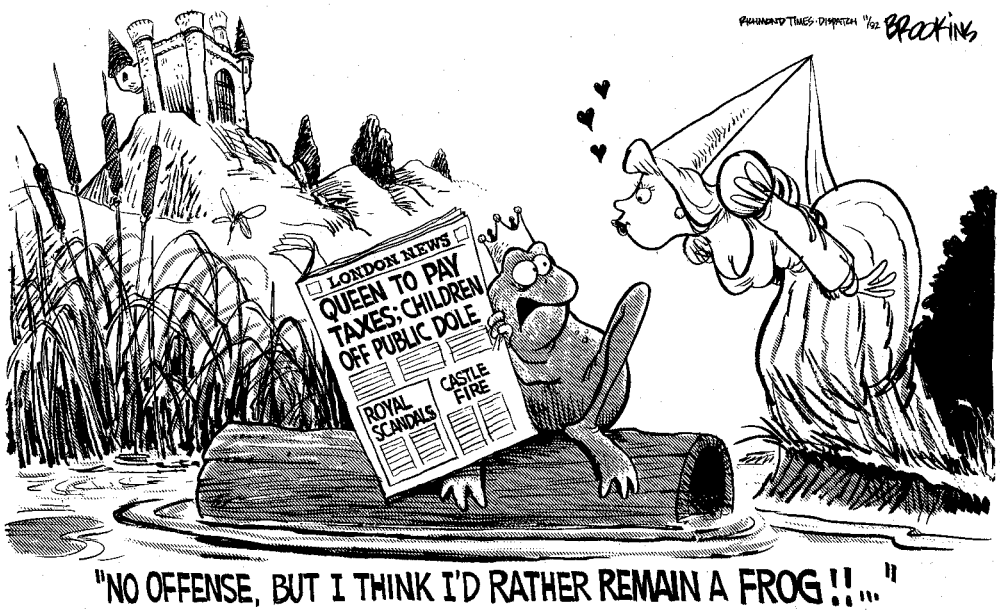

"NO OFFENSE, BUT I THINK I'D RATHER REMAIN A FROG!!..."

A Campaign Promise

Gays, closeted at Valley Forge,
Saluted when they sighted George,
And, from the coat racks, also threw
Salutes at Grant and Lincoln, too;
Now, beckoned from the darkened lair
The shoe trees and galoshes share,
Their loss of ambiguity
Will bug both Bill and Hillary.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Step number one: Take a good stiff drink."

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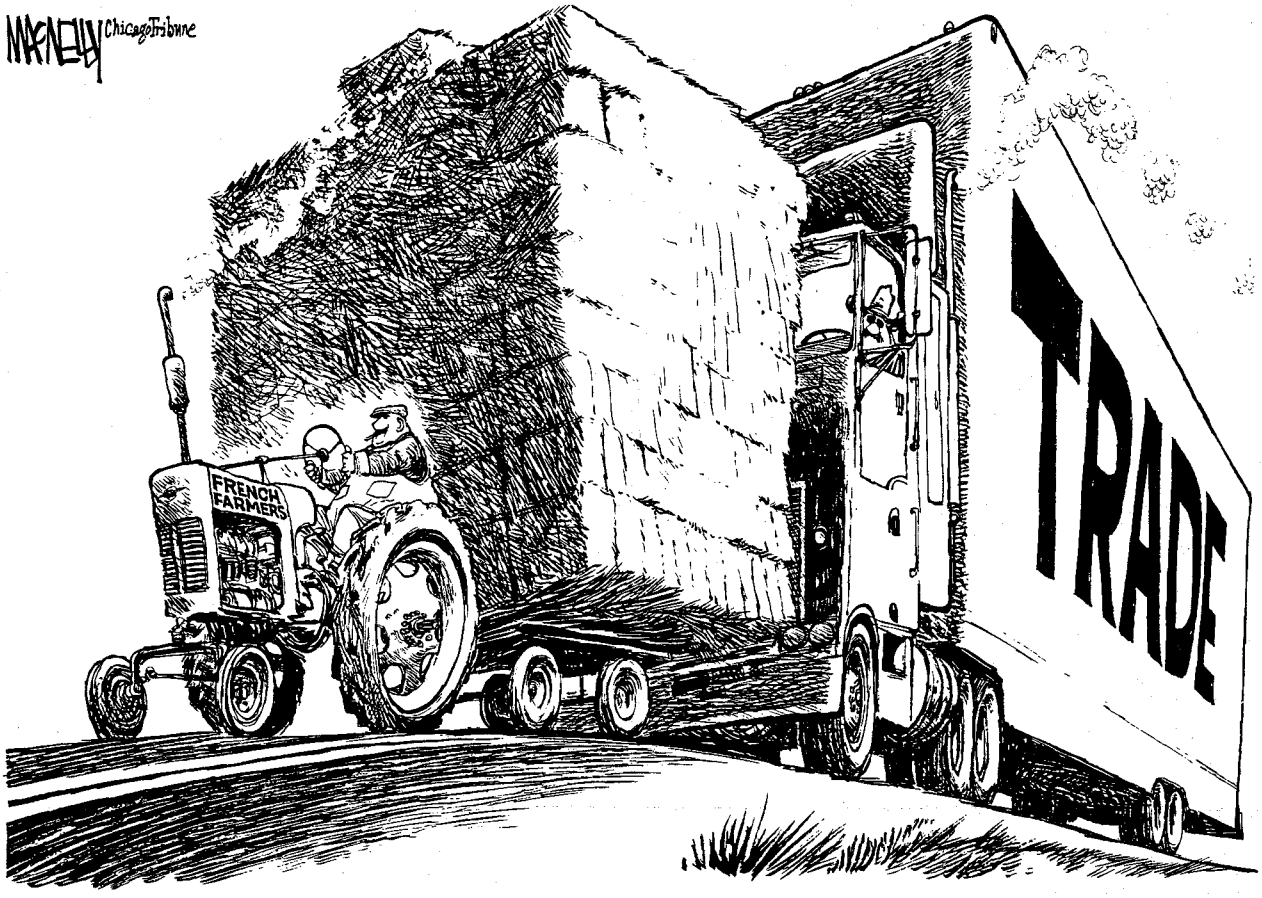

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The Darman Legacy

BUSH'S RASPUTIN

The economic collapse and the consequent political collapse of George Bush were not inevitable. They resulted from actions on the part of Mr. Bush's OMB director, for motives as yet unexplained.

DANIEL J. MITCHELL

WHEN George Bush took office in 1989, the economy was growing and the budget deficit was falling. Family incomes had risen to record highs, and the unemployment rate had fallen to levels not seen since 1973. The 1985 Gramm–Rudman deficit-reduction law was in place, guaranteeing that Mr. Bush could use automatic cuts to balance the budget while maintaining his solemn pledge against tax increases. There was every reason to believe that the record economic expansion triggered by Ronald Reagan's policies would continue and that George Bush would easily win a second term.

Indeed, most political pundits accepted the notion of a Republican lock on the Electoral College. The question was not whether George Bush would win re-election, but whether Republicans would take control of the Senate in 1990 or 1992. Some analysts even predicted that Republicans would be swept into control of the House in 1992 by a Bush landslide.

When the economy went awry, Bush Administration officials looked for someone to blame, and, off the record, many of them settled on Ronald Reagan as the source of the problems. Liberal journalists were naturally delighted to report these anonymous comments, which bolstered their efforts to rewrite the history of the 1980s. All the revisionism in the world cannot change the fact, however, that the economy was strong in 1988 and remained strong in 1989. Moreover, there was no evidence that the record economic expansion of the 1980s was due to end. Consider the economic growth estimates released by the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) in January of 1989 (see table on p. 29). The CBO, which at the time was viewed as being unduly pessimistic for partisan reasons, forecast that economic growth would stay above 2 per cent every year.

Mr. Bush also inherited an improving fiscal outlook, largely thanks to the Gramm–Rudman Act. The deficit, which consumed 5.3 per cent of GDP when the law was enacted, had declined to 3.0 per cent of GDP by 1989. Even better, government spending as a percentage of GDP shrank from nearly 24 per cent in 1985 to 22.1 per cent by the time Mr. Reagan left office.

Nor was there any reason to believe that the slow but steady progress against the budget deficit was unsustainable. As the table shows, the CBO projected that the budget deficit would continue falling. Even with the assumption that government spending programs would continue growing as if on autopilot, the CBO estimated that the budget deficit would shrink to $122 billion by 1994.*

The thesis advanced by Bush loyalists that Ronald Reagan left a ticking time bomb for his successor is thus without foundation. George Bush had the good fortune to inherit a strong economy and an improving fiscal outlook. Something happened *after* Mr. Bush took office. Something caused the economy to collapse. Something caused the deficit to balloon. Something occurred that was so catastrophic that economic and budget estimates originally viewed as unduly pessimistic now are looked back upon with longing. That something was Richard Darman.

When Bush nominated Darman to be the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, he was preparing the way for economic and political disaster. First brought into government by liberal Republican Elliot Richardson and later adopted by Jim Baker, Darman had a long record of hostility to conservative ideas and values. Indeed, while serving in the White House under Baker, who was then Ronald Reagan's chief of staff, Darman played a significant role in building White House support for the so-called Tax Equity and Fiscal Re-

Mr. Mitchell is John M. Olin Senior Fellow in Political Economy at the Heritage Foundation.

*Budget-deficit estimates are produced by comparing expected revenue growth (assuming no change in tax laws) with projections of how fast government spending will grow if all budget categories are given increases to match inflation, changes in beneficiary populations, and program expansions already built into the law.

ILLUSTRATION BY DELL BACH

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sponsibility Act (TEFRA). That 1982 law, which Ronald Reagan has referred to as the worst mistake of his Presidency, promised three dollars of spending cuts for every dollar of higher taxes, but resulted in more than a dollar of *additional* spending for every dollar of additional revenue. As bad as TEFRA was, little did anyone at the time realize that eight years later Darman would put together a budget deal that would make TEFRA look like a victory by comparison.

Anything but Sequester

WHEN Darman took over at OMB in 1989, the driving force in budget policy was Gramm–Rudman, which imposed a $100-billion ceiling on the projected budget deficit for the upcoming fiscal year. Enactment of a budget with a deficit estimated to exceed that level by more than $10 billion would result in automatic budget cuts known as sequestration. Since continuation of existing spending trends would have resulted in a budget deficit of about $140 billion, Gramm–Rudman effectively forced lawmakers to take action.

George Bush's first budget, released in February 1989, was far from perfect. It included $14.2 billion of additional revenues. Most of the money came from cutting the capital-gains tax rate and from asset sales, but the budget also included more than $5 billion of tax increases. It called for more spending in several categories as part of the "kinder, gentler" theme, while simultaneously refusing to specify spending cuts. Nonetheless, the Administration projected that its budget would pass the Gramm–Rudman test.

Democrats on Capitol Hill, while not overtly hostile, clearly had no intention of approving Mr. Bush's budget. After some bickering, Congress and Mr. Darman began informal talks in March. These discussions, which gradually evolved into a mini budget summit, focused on the $14.2 billion of additional revenues in the Bush budget. It soon became obvious to all involved that these discussions were leading to a tax increase. Mr. Darman argued that the White House had no choice because there were not enough votes to pass the Bush budget.

In fact, negotiating a deal with Congress was *not* the only choice. The President could have vetoed a tax increase and allowed the automatic Gramm–Rudman cuts to occur. If the White House had used this strategy, George Bush could have kept his no-new-taxes promise and reduced the budget deficit. There was absolutely no way Congress could have thwarted the President's desire so long as one-third plus one of either the House or the Senate was willing to uphold his veto.

Some members of the Administration argued that Congress would simply repeal the deficit-reduction law if a sequester appeared likely. Not true: Thanks to a letter circulated by Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon, it was clear that 34 Republican senators were willing to sustain a presidential veto of either a tax increase or a bill to gut Gramm–Rudman.

Nonetheless, Mr. Darman proceeded with budget negotiations, eventually crafting a one-year mini budget deal which included more than $5 billion of higher taxes and a host of budget gimmicks and accounting sleights-of-hand. The President was advised to reject the deal, on the grounds that sequestration was preferable in both the short run and the long run. In a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed on September 29, 1989, Senator Packwood wrote, "a sequester this year will dramatically assist future deficit-reduction efforts, since it would lower the baseline growth of federal spending. . . . The future savings of a sequester are important because [Gramm–Rudman] requires that the budget be balanced by 1993. Budget gimmicks and accounting tricks . . . yield little, if any, long-term savings. A sequester won't produce all the savings needed to reach the $64-billion deficit target for fiscal 1991, but it'd bring us close enough to make any talk of economically destructive tax hikes unnecessary."

CBO Estimates
January 1989

	Projected Budget Deficit (Billions)	Projected Growth of Real GDP
1990	$141	2.1%
1991	140	2.2%
1992	135	2.2%
1993	129	2.3%
1994	122	2.3%

Source: *The Economic and Budget Outlook: Fiscal Years 1990–1994*, Congressional Budget Office, January 1989.

Darman's influence in the White House proved too strong, however, and President Bush acquiesced to the agreement. While the 1989 deal technically complied with the Gramm–Rudman law for fiscal year 1990, the seeds of disaster were sown.

Darman's Disaster

JUST AS Senator Packwood and others warned, budget figures released in early 1990 showed that the baseline deficit was well above the Gramm–Rudman target. The Administration, ignoring evidence of a weaker economy, estimated that $36.5 billion of deficit reduction was required. The CBO, meanwhile, estimated that deteriorating economic conditions necessitated twice as much budgetary savings.

Congress, of course, declared the Administration's budget dead-on-arrival and immediately insisted that budget negotiations were necessary to close the gap. Moreover, leading Democrats, including House Ways & Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, House Budget Committee Chairman Leon Panetta, and Senate Budget Committee Chairman James Sasser, were explicitly advocating the repeal or emasculation of Gramm–Rudman. They all argued that the law was not working, usually citing the fact that actual deficits always exceeded the target. Their real motive, however, was obvious: federal spending, particularly domestic spending, was growing at a much slower rate under the restrictions of Gramm–Rudman than it had done in prior years. Furthermore, past experience gave the Democrats reason to believe that if they could lure the White House and congressional Republicans into a big budget deal it would result in the explicit breaking of the President's "no new taxes" pledge, with all the political problems that would cause for Republicans.

The Democrats had everything to gain from a budget summit, so the real question was whether the White House would allow itself to be drawn into a no-win game. In ordinary circumstances, the answer would be no, but Richard Darman was no ordinary budget director. While there never has been a good explanation of his

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motives, Mr. Darman unquestionably wanted a summit and immediately sought to convince Mr. Bush that negotiations were necessary.

As explained earlier, Mr. Darman had set the stage for this crisis with the phony budget deal from the previous year. He needed something more, however, to undermine his opponents inside the Administration. His ace in the hole was the ongoing collapse of the savings & loan deposit-insurance scheme. Almost from the moment the Administration's 1991 budget was submitted, Darman started increasing the estimates of how much money would be needed to clean up the S&L mess. Every time the projected costs of the bailout rose, the gap between the Gramm–Rudman target and the baseline deficit for the upcoming fiscal year increased. Darman's intention was clear; he wanted to derail opposition to a budget deal by raising the specter of a giant sequestration.

Mr. Darman, however, was revealing only part of the truth. Yes, more money was needed to clean up the S&L disaster, but there was no reason why this had to increase the size of a sequester. Additional funds could have been appropriated for the already-under-way 1990 fiscal year. Since sequestration was based on snapshot estimates made two weeks after the fiscal year began, even the allocation of huge sums of money in the spring or summer of 1990 would not have caused automatic budget cuts for that fiscal year. And since the money for deposit insurance could take the form of lump-sum disbursements, there was no reason a giant bailout had to affect baseline estimates for 1991.

But Mr. Darman evidently had no desire to protect either the economy or the President's political future. In January 1990, the 1991 sequester was estimated at $36.5 billion; by the summer of 1990, Mr. Darman had turned that into a sequester of more than $100 billion.

The spending lobbies in Washington quickly let it be known that a $100-billion sequester would be the end of the world. And these special interests had an ally at OMB. In the *Mid-Session Review of the Budget*, issued in July of 1990, Darman devoted fifty pages to Chicken Little predictions of how the sequester would destroy essential government services.

Never did Mr. Darman, or anyone else in the Administration, point out that a sequester was a reduction in the upcoming year's baseline spending level, not a reduction in current spending levels. As a result, the American people never were told that a $100-billion sequester would have reduced total 1991 federal spending by only seven-tenths of 1 per cent from 1990 levels. Mr. Darman made sure that only budget experts could decipher the real impact of a sequester.

"Are you aware of the fact that we have a dungeon?"

How Bad Was It?

MR. Darman's strategy proved successful. Fearful of the political impact of a "giant" sequester, the White House went along with a budget deal. The shortcomings of the agreement are well known and need not be repeated in copious detail. The following figures, however, provide some clue as to just how grotesquely flawed the budget deal was:

- It was supposed to reduce baseline budget deficits by nearly $500 billion between 1991 and 1995. Compared to July 1990 baseline forecasts—made before the budget deal was enacted—actual and projected deficits for the five years are $707.8 billion *higher*, not the predicted $500 billion lower, a total error of $1.2 trillion.
- The agreement was supposed to raise baseline revenues by $175 billion over the five-year period. Comparing the July 1990 baseline forecast with the July 1992 baseline, however, actual and projected tax collections between 1991 and 1995 are $528.5 billion *lower*, a total error of more than $700 billion. In other words, the tax increase lost three dollars of revenue for every dollar it was supposed to raise.
- The summit promised to reduce baseline spending levels by $325 billion over the five-year period. Compared to the five-year projections in the July 1990 baseline, however, actual and projected spending levels between 1991 and 1995 are $179.8 billion *higher*, a total error of more than $500 billion.
- Darman's heralded Budget Enforcement Act (BEA) allegedly placed firm limits on federal spending. Yet under the BEA, inflation-adjusted entitlement spending is growing more than eight times as fast as it did under Gramm–Rudman. Domestic discretionary spending, adjusted for inflation, is growing more than five times as fast.

The Gulf War Excuse

SUPPORTERS of the budget deal have decided their best defense is to argue that the agreement was bad, but that they had no choice because the country could not afford a defense sequester with troops being sent to Saudi Arabia. A defense sequester certainly would have caused significant damage to our ability to wage war, but it is unrealistic to hypothesize that lawmakers would have allowed all the cuts to go into effect.

Had President Bush held firm, so that a large sequester occurred after the mid-October deficit snapshot, he could have come back the next day with a request for supplemental spending. Congress no doubt would have insisted that the price for restoring some of the defense cuts was restoring some of the domestic cuts. By the time it was all over, this additional spending would probably have offset a very large fraction of the sequester.

Even if the White House had negotiated this end-game poorly, however, the result would have been at least a partial victory. Even if 80 per cent of the sequester had been restored, some spending would have been averted. The budget deal, by contrast, *increased* spending. A sequester strat-

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egy would also have avoided all tax increases. The budget deal, of course, imposed the largest single-year tax increase in American history. Perhaps most importantly, a sequester strategy would have preserved Gramm–Rudman. The budget deal emasculated the only legislation that had actually slowed the growth of federal spending.

As if negotiating the budget deal and convincing the President that it was a good agreement were not bad enough, Mr. Darman compounded the damage by vigorously fighting subsequent efforts to undo it. Numerous lawmakers advanced plans to reduce the burden taxes were imposing upon the productive sector of the economy. Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D., N.Y.) and Robert Kasten (R., Wis.) were pushing payroll-tax relief. Mr. Darman opposed this much-needed job-creation measure and got the White House to fight it. Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.) and Representative Tom DeLay (R., Tex.) combined payroll-tax cuts with a capital-gains-tax cut, depreciation reform, and expansion of Individual Retirement Accounts. This broad-based tax-reform package would have done much to encourage economic growth. Darman opposed the measure and convinced the White House that tax cuts were the wrong approach. Senator Kasten and Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.), thinking the White House simply had a hangup about payroll-tax cuts, introduced legislation similar to Wallop–DeLay, only they substituted family tax relief for payroll-tax cuts. It did not matter; Darman opposed the legislation and was able to derail White House support. Because of Darman's tactics, the White House was powerless to address the economic problems facing the nation.

This is not to say that tax increases were the sole cause of the recession or that tax cuts would have guaranteed miracles. Plenty of job-destroying policies were signed into law under President Bush, including the minimum-wage increase, a new version of the Clean Air Act, the Americans with Disabilities Act, and the quota-laden Civil Rights Act. Record domestic-spending increases compounded the damage by placing additional resources under the control of politicians and bureaucrats.

While government policies other than taxes also influence economic growth, taxes unarguably have a strong effect. Indeed, economic growth and job creation dramatically slowed almost the moment the President renounced his "no new taxes" pledge. Investors had ample information that Mr. Darman and the Democrats were talking about significant tax hikes. As a result, it was little wonder that economic decisions were affected even before a final package was signed into law.

Enacting a significant growth package, such as the Wallop–DeLay bill, probably would have saved the election for George Bush. Even if Mr. Bush had done nothing but endorse the bill, it would have shown voters that he understood that the burden of government had to be reduced. Moreover, support for real tax cuts would have created a favorable contrast with Bill Clinton. This opportunity, like so many others, was squandered by the White House.

The lesson from the Bush years is that economic policies do matter. Mr. Bush should have learned from Herbert Hoover that higher taxes and more spending are just as damaging under Republican Administrations as they are under Democratic ones. Sadly, Mr. Bush probably never realized what he had done. He truly seems to believe that he got the best deal possible in 1990, that the spending caps are working, and that the economy's weak performance has nothing to do with his policies.

In many ways, this is the most damning indictment of Mr. Darman's performance. Putting together the most catastrophic budget deal of all time is quite an accomplishment, but Mr. Darman added to it with his systematic distortion of economic trends, manipulation of budget numbers, and dishonest advice to the President. Unfortunately, while the American people are subjected to higher taxes and more intrusive government during the Clinton years, Mr. Darman is very likely to wind up with a lucrative Wall Street job. His reward for making the Clinton Presidency possible will be a significant pay raise.

With the race for the Republican nomination in 1996 already under way, voters have a very good way of determining who is a real conservative and true heir to Ronald Reagan. Any candidate who does not explicitly promise that Dick Darman will have no role in his Administration does not deserve support. □

Getting It Right

THE TRUE SPRIT OF CHRISMAS

Wherein the children of Aloïse Buckley Heath find the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child to be a GREAT step forward.

PAMELA, JOHN, PRISCILLA, and BUCKLEY HEATH*

MANY PERSONS our ages of 12, 10, 8, 6 think the Sprit of Chrismas is about toys and presents instead of about the real sprit. These persons are inmature and childless. As will be seen.

Today at Assembly, everybody got a copy and got read to, the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which turned out it was the Chrismas present from the United Nations to all the children in the world, also which Pam, 12, and John, 10, have to write down about constructively, and Priscilla, 8,

*Composed by Pamela, John, Priscilla, and, sometimes, Buckley Heath
Typed by There Mother

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and Buckley, 6, be prepared to explane in there own words by Monday. This is our free-thinking thoughts, for nothing is black and white but grey.

The first part, before the Principles start, is very oratory and good except for puctuation (commas not periods after paragraphs) and reptitous (absolutely 5 paragraphs in a row begin with "Whereas"). Persons that are always tearing down, tearing down would probbly mock this instead of saying the United Nations did pretty good, spelling the long words this composition is absolutely full of.

PRINCIPLE 1: *All children shall be entitled to these rights, without distinction or discrimination on account of race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property, birth, or other status whether of himself or of his family.* Those who *think* will easly see that who their talking about is none other but the U.S. of America (world smelting pot), for in other countries from us (Europe, England, Russia, Wildest Africa, etc. etc. etc.) there isn't enough different population from the main to do discrimination at. (Except by inmost feelings, hard to wipe out, unforch.)

Why do they drag in sex, one asks ourself? Because the United Nations regard sex purely, like dictionaries, where sex is if you are a boy or a girl (you can look it up)—not the reason children are not allowed to see practicly every movie in the whole world. It is a well-none fact that most parents comitt discrimination on children by sex (by wether they are male sex or female sex, other words.) Ex:—: Sataday mornings, boys (M. sex) have to clean out cars in a icecold subzero gerage, wile girls (F. sex) only have to vacume warm & cozy carpets. And yet again about color (sometimes meening race, but they already said race in this PRINCIPLE so they now meen color.); Why? Because, Ex:—: Some persons, who dirt shows on more than other persons because of there snow white color, are all the time getting it in the neck (like parents saying: "Good God, your angkles"!! venial sin) when that happens to be the exact night one washed *with soap*! All this shall end.

One thing the United Nations forgot:—: discrimination by age, like:—Ex:—In 2 years, could Pam, now age 12 drive a car in S. Carolina? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Could Jim, our brother of 14, marry Linda who he loves in India? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Showing that the UN forgot the main thing the child get's discriminated for. BUT: after all: nobidies perfect:

PRINCIPLE 2 (really getting going): *The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially in a healthy and normal manner and in conditions of freedom and dignity.* Their going to start some laws, and unless quite a few parents wise up, we happen to know quite a few parents (including by marrage) that will end up incarserated. Because when the UN finds out, surely soon, that every single child in the world spends absolutely the best years of his life from infantry to adultery sitting on a hard seat, bending his head over books that is rooning his eyes and with the most absolutely boaring stuff poaring, poaring, poaring into his ears. At the same time when they breathe *in* constantly sniffing germs of namonia, chicken pocks, nefritus so they practicly only dare breathe *out* (practicly impossible):—all of which contrary to health and freedom:—then the UN will edict that this situation must CEACE!

Jennifer Lawson

PRINCIPLE 3: *The child shall be entitled from his birth to a name and a nationality.* This is also in the Sprit of Chrismas because it portects children from being called Blooper and Kiki even when big, which can become absolutely humalating. Ex:—When John was born our brother Jim was 4 (dificult age) and Jim liked our Uncle Reid so he absolutely made every one call John "Uncle Reid" after him (Uncle Reid). Funny then, but how would John feel nowadays if Mrs. McLeod said in class: "Uncle Reid, suppose you take the next passage?" Like a fool. PRINCIPLE 3 also portects people from the fate of Philip Nolan, who had to live on boats and not have a nationality for having got mad at the Government once, tho not till grown-up. But children's fate, through the passage of years is to become grown-up or else dead. So look before you leap, which the UN does.

PRINCIPLE 4: *The child shall enjoy the benefits of social security. He shall be entitled to grow up and develop in health; to this end special care and protection shall be provided both to him and to his mother, including adequate prenatal and postnatal care.* This sounds like mostly for Mothers, but *think, think,* just exactly where would children be without prenatal Mothers? NOWHERE. And prenatal Fathers are not so absolutely necessary. The first Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modern hospital if people had only had the UN then. The Massacre of the Holy Innocents would be absolutely an object of forbiddance and mortal sin, under penalty of the law.

PRINCIPLE 5: *The child who is physically, mentally, or socially handicapped shall be given the special treatment, education, and care required by his particular condition.* In the intersts of the questioning mind, one has to admit that this principle is hard: because:—"physically handicapped" means crippled and those children, they say, have to go to special schools for crippled children:—"mentally handicapped" means retarded, and those children have to go to special schools for retarded children:—"socially handicapped" means Negro in the South, but, as is well-known, those children have to come *out* of special schools for Negro children in the South. Does that make sense for physicals and mentals to go *in* yet for socials to come *out*? Not that who are we to critisise, never

The reprinting of a Christmas piece by the late Mrs. Heath is an NR *tradition. Her collection* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell? *is now in print, from National Review Books.*

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less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic.

PRINCIPLE 6: *The child, for the full and harmonious development of his full personality, needs love and understanding. He shall, wherever possible, grow up in the care and under the responsibility of his parents, and in any case in an atmosphere of affection and of moral and material security. Payment of state and other assistance toward the maintenance of children of large families is desirable.* This one may seem to say a lot of things one already knew, like "love and understanding," etc. etc. etc., but the important thing after all, is that it is still on the side of children, other words: Sprit of Chrismas. One may well ask ourself, although, about assisting (paying) people of large families (personally in our favor), which if they do, they have to make there mind up about populations exploding. For, besides the joys of parenthood, if you get paid too, where will it all end?

PRINCIPLE 7: *The child shall be given an education which will promote his general culture and enable him on a basis of equal opportunity to develop his abilities. The child shall have full opportunity for play and recreation, which shall be directed to the same purposes as education.* It is hard to see how the UN missed the things wrong in this, unless there wrist was getting tired from writting. *Wrong thing No. A*:—There absolutely just isn't anything equal in people's opportunity to learn culture that would be general. Like in West Hartford, U.S.A., culture is French, Mythology, Music, Hiawatha, and things like that but in Wildest Africa culture is Hunting lions, Shrinking heads, Building huts of clay and wattles made, and things like that, none of which there is any of in West Hartford. (Even if there was some way this could be arranged, it would not be very fair to Wildest Africa children.) *Wrong thing No. B*:—(the part about play and recreation). Unforch, as even the dumbest know, play and recreation that is directed always turns out into one thing:—RELAY RACES.

PRINCIPLE 8: *The child shall in all circumstances be among the first to receive protection and relief.* Vere dignum et justum est. (Altarboy's joke by John. Others, except priests, look it up.)

PRINCIPLE 9: *The child shall be protected against all forms of neglect, cruelty, and exploitation. He shall not be the subject of traffic in any form.* (It is a known fact that sometimes children run right strate across *without* looking *both* ways: *Think*: nothing is black and white: all is grey.) Next part: *The child shall not be admitted to employment before an appropriate minimum age*. This is one of the most absolutely Sprit of Chrismaslike things the UN ever said in its life. For NOTE:—Employment means working for *money*. How far far worse indeed, therefore, is the involatory slavitude children have to do Satadays, not only for *no* money, but not getting their riteful allowance if they don't. This also shall be changed by law.

PRINCIPLE 10: *The child shall be brought up in a spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among peoples, peace, and universal brotherhood, in full consciousness that his energy and talents should be devoted to the service of his fellow men.* These sweet and nobble words show how the Uniteds have even *improved* the Sprit of Chrismas. For in olden days, you were supposed to love your fellow men (even the ones you couldn't stand) yet use your energy and talents for you and yours, which you had to, the world being such a mess. In our day, you only have to have a sprit of tolerace, friendship, etc. etc. etc., and even that you only have among peopleS, much more practical than among peoplE, if you get our meaning (see letters we put in capitals). Also, the new laws of the Governments of the UN will take care of things like nutrition, housing, and other postnatal care of you and yours, so there will be nothing left to do *except* be devoted to the service of your fellow men.

Thus we see, the UN Declaration of Rights of the Child is in the true Sprit of Chrismas, and also cinchy. □

The Other Side of the Drug War

CASTRO'S SCAPEGOATS

Fidel Castro used his military to smuggle drugs—until Uncle Sam started closing in.

MARTIN AROSTEGUI

It can now be revealed that Fidel Castro's 1989 court martial of 14 of his officers on drug-smuggling charges was triggered by a DEA attempt to kidnap his interior minister and bring him to justice in the United States. Patricio de la Guardia, who was found guilty at that court martial and condemned to life imprisonment, has smuggled out, from his closet-sized cell, a letter which exposes the Castro regime's efforts to cover up its deepening involvement in narcotics trafficking. The document, addressed to leading members of Castro's Politburo, has been authenticated by de la Guardia's son, Hector, who has distributed it abroad. Largely ignored by the media, it provides unique insights into the inner workings of Cuba's Interior Ministry, which is on the front line of the drug war against the United States.

ON THE evening of June 12, 1989, Brigadier General Patricio de la Guardia was enjoying a late dinner with his family at the home of some friends in Havana just one month after returning from a long tour of duty in Angola. At about 11 o'clock, a colonel from the Interior Ministry showed up saying he had orders to escort the brigadier to an urgent meeting with Interior Minister José Abrahantes. "I went calmly," de la

Mr. Arostegui is a freelance journalist specializing in paramilitary affairs.

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Guardia recalls, "telling my wife that I would be right back."

Until he entered the dimly lit offices of the interior minister, de la Guardia had no idea that he was among 14 army officers being rounded up that night to be charged with drug trafficking. When the court martial was over, Colonel Antonio de la Guardia, Patricio's brother, was sent before a firing squad together with General Arnaldo Ochoa, the former commander of Cuban forces in Angola. The other defendants received life imprisonment, which Patricio is serving in solitary confinement for "lacking the courage and integrity of a revolutionary general"—for failing to accuse himself of crimes he did not commit and to denounce his dead brother.

"It was a shock," Patricio tells of the horrifying moment in which the arrest papers were waved in front of him so that he could see they were signed by Fidel Castro. That very afternoon he had been talking with his brother about the increasing flow of narcotics from Cuba to the United States. As head of the Interior Ministry's MC department, which runs covert ventures to obtain hard currency for the Cuban government, Antonio assured Patricio that smuggling narcotics had become an integral function of the Ministry's intelligence section, the Dirección General de Información (DGI).

"Don't worry" were Antonio's famous last words, explaining that he had just handed Abrahantes $3 million from the last drug operations. He had personally delivered the money—in bills of small denomination packed in briefcases—to the minister's office. Abrahantes had congratulated him, Antonio said, and ordered him to obtain $12 million more by the end of the year. There was half a ton of cocaine stored in a special clinic run by the Interior Ministry which was being prepared for shipment at that very moment.

The Money Trail

AFTER passing through the Interior Ministry, some of the proceeds from drug sales get laundered through a network of offshore companies operated by Robert Vesco, who is protected in Cuba from U.S. authorities seeking his extradition. Through front companies in Panama, Mexico, and elsewhere, Castro can obtain computers, other high-tech equipment, and even arms from the U.S. which are officially denied to Cuba by the economic embargo.

Arms smuggled out of the U.S. to Cuba are often resold to third countries. Patricio de la Guardia supervised the transfer of eight American-made patrol boats to Angola, where they were bought by the then Marxist government, together with a C-130 Hercules transport plane, combat helicopters, and 155mm howitzers. Commissions for the Cuban officials transacting these sales were in the millions of dollars.

The Interior Ministry also recycles drug money to finance international terrorist operations. As recently as 1989, the DGI was planning to blow up the Miami transmission tower of Radio Martí—Cuba's main source of independent news and commentary. The MC department had provided $10,000 for an Argentine agent to go to Spain and charter a yacht which would extract the terrorist team from Florida. But then at the last minute the attack was canceled.

A reason for aborting the attack could be that by the middle of 1989 Castro was feeling the pressure of U.S. law enforcement. Several Cuban officials had been indicted in absentia by a U.S. federal court for drug running. They included Cuba's ambassador to Colombia, Fernando Ravelo, and Vice Admiral Aldo Santamaría, who was charged with the protection and servicing of ships ferrying narcotics to Florida. Although Interior Minister Abrahantes was not named in the indictments, he was being targeted by a DEA undercover operation.

Hard evidence of Cuban drug trafficking had resulted from the arrests of two Colombian drug runners, Carlos Lehder and Jaime Guillot. Lehder openly testified before a U.S. federal court about personal meetings with Fidel Castro and his brother Raúl, Cuba's defense minister, to discuss the movement of narcotics through Cuba. In his letter, Patricio de la Guardia recounts an occasion on which he was asked by Interior Minister Abrahantes to receive two Lear jets being flown into Cuba's José Martí International Airport by Carlos Lehder. One of the aircraft donated by the drug runner was reserved for Raúl Castro's personal use.

Guillot was apprehended as he entered Mexico from Cuba with a false passport. However, Guillot never had to testify in an American court of law, because he was sprung from jail by the Cuban DGI while the Mexican government was processing the United States' request for his extradition. One of Guillot's drug ships was impounded during a return run to Colombia with arms picked up in Cuba for the M-19 terrorist movement, but Guillot escaped back to Cuba via Spain.

Then the U.S. Government, still under the Reagan Administration, got mean. In a sting operation worthy of a Tom Clancy thriller, DEA undercover agents posing as drug dealers successfully approached Interior Minister Abrahantes to arrange a secret meeting with him aboard a yacht on the high seas. While they pretended to be making a deal, Abrahantes was going to be arrested and transferred to a U.S. Navy submarine which would bring him to the United States to stand trial. The interior minister had fallen for the trap, and final details for the meeting were being worked out, when the DEA agent's cover was blown by a go-between who informed the DGI. Abrahantes was warned, and he broke off contact with the undercover team in May of 1989.

Panic Mode

SINGED by the heat of American criminal justice, Castro's ruling circle went into a state of high alarm. Castro was terrified of becoming another Noriega, and so something had to be done to placate Washington. The search for scapegoats began, culminating in the June 12 arrests.

Arnaldo Ochoa was in the unfortunate position of being a popular general who was unpopular with Castro's inner circle because he had privately advocated economic decentralization and a moving away from one-party rule. Being compromised in narcotics—like most other high-ranking Cuban military and intelligence officers—he was a convenient choice for the sacrificial altar. However, there was an almost comic aspect to his trial: his main contact—a Venezuelan drug runner, Luben Peskof—could not be mentioned by name, as he continued coming to Havana to conduct business with Castro.

Most of the other officers tried with Ochoa shared his liberal orientation.

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Patricio de la Guardia had been openly critical of the continued Cuban military presence in Africa. Since the prosecution could not prove anything beyond circumstantial implication in narcotics, the brigadier was accused of smuggling African ivory while he served in Angola. De la Guardia now states from his prison cell that two elephant tusks he sent to Cuba were given as birthday presents to Fidel Castro. Another shipment of tusks went to Raúl Castro.

A Leaf from Stalin's Book

THE DAUGHTER of one of the executed officers says that her father received a personal visit from Fidel Castro in prison to convince him to go along with the government case in return for a (false) promise of clemency. Patricio de la Guardia describes how forced confessions were extracted from him: "During the 33 days in which our interrogations and trials lasted, I was not allowed to sleep. Every twenty or thirty minutes, they would open and slam shut the door to my cell just as mental exhaustion drove me into slumber despite the high-intensity spotlight which was kept on at all times." Driven into a state of "total stupor, like a zombie," de la Guardia signed documents that he was in no state to understand. He was finally allowed to see his wife and children, on condition that he would tell them not to seek a lawyer or report his condition to the Human Rights Commission. The confused and exhausted man could only tell them not to worry. A defense attorney appointed by the Interior Ministry did not meet with de la Guardia until the day of the trial. At that point, the lawyer told him: "I'm ashamed of defending you and I'm only doing so because it is my duty."

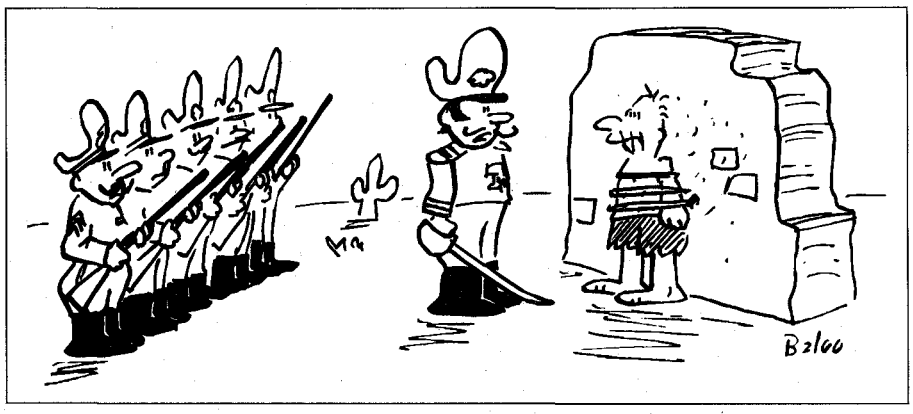
To be sure, no lawyer would gain much professional reward for taking the defense side. The spoils were going to the prosecutor, Juan Escalona, who was appointed to the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party right after the trials. One standing member of the Central Committee, Vice Admiral Santamaría, participated in the military tribunal that judged the 14 officers. He undoubtedly supported Escalona's promotion after seeing how Escalona proved beyond any reasonable doubt that the accused had acted for purely personal profit in over thirty drug runs to Florida without the knowledge or approval of any superiors in the Cuban government.

Efforts by the DEA to penetrate the Communist mafia that is tightening its grip on Cuba have persisted. Last year, the chief of security for the key province of Oriente, which includes Havana, defected to U.S. Government agents with important information about new drug-trafficking routes. But Cuba appears to have been pushed onto the back burner of the U.S. "war on drugs." Despite the mounting evidence nothing has been done to prosecute the pending indictments against Castro's leading officials or to open up new cases. Since quietly leaving the job of interior minister, José Abrahantes travels in and out of Cuba freely.

The criminal pattern in these drug-running operations has ample precedent. The Castro regime's support for terrorism in the Western Hemisphere has often been for financial gain, as well as for ideological and military reasons. The first international trading bank set up by the Communist dictatorship, Banco Financiero Internacional, was funded with the largest ransom ever paid in Latin America. Fifty million dollars collected for the return of the industrialist Borng brothers—kidnapped in Argentina by the terrorist Montoneros in the late Seventies—was smuggled to Cuba by Castro's ambassador to Buenos Aires at the time, Emilio Aragones, who became the bank's first president.

Seven million dollars taken in the Puerto Rican nationalist Macheteros' September 1983 armed robbery of a Wells Fargo bank truck in Connecticut also ended up in Cuban government coffers, according to an ex-DGI operative who participated in the assault. The Cuban Embassy in Mexico provided the falsified documents which enabled the terrorist team to enter the United States, and it funneled out over half of the stolen money.

Friendly gestures toward Castro on the part of foreign leaders can temporarily relieve the misery of his victims at home. When Castro went to Spain in August to attend the second conference of Latin American presidents in Madrid, Patricio de la Guardia was moved from his *celda de castigo* (punishment room) to a larger prison cell with natural light, ventilation, and closed latrine. While Castro was photographed with the democratically elected leaders of Spain and the Americas, feted at the Olympic Games, and given a tour of his father's birthplace, the prisoner of conscience was allowed to walk in the prison patio for an hour and see his wife.



"This is *the Court of Appeals."*

Following appeals by exiled relatives of de la Guardia, the Spanish foreign minister brought up the question of the brigadier's treatment in private meetings with Castro. But after Castro went back to Cuba, de la Guardia's conditions worsened again as he continued refusing "ideological rehabilitation." His family visits have now been stopped, and his wife is being threatened with imprisonment unless she stops talking about him.

When a narcotics-smuggling clique took power in Haiti last year, the Bush Administration quietly alerted the 82nd Airborne Division. American troops were sent to Panama in 1989 to bring Noriega to justice, and units of U.S. Special Forces are working in Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia to eradicate the source of drug addiction and crime on American streets. But narco-terrorism is flourishing in a Communist island ninety miles from our shores as the world seems to accept the verdict of Castro's Stalinist show trials. □

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On to '96

A CALL TO ARMS

Baby Cons of America, unite:
You have nothing to lose but your parents' guilt.

AMY LUMET

A VERY polite gentleman in New York asked me this fall if I was planning to vote for Bill Clinton. Talk about insulting! I pointed to my John McCain hat—"I'm a Republican," I said. The gentleman told me that, in his experience, cute young things tended to be liberal. We need to prove him wrong in a major way.

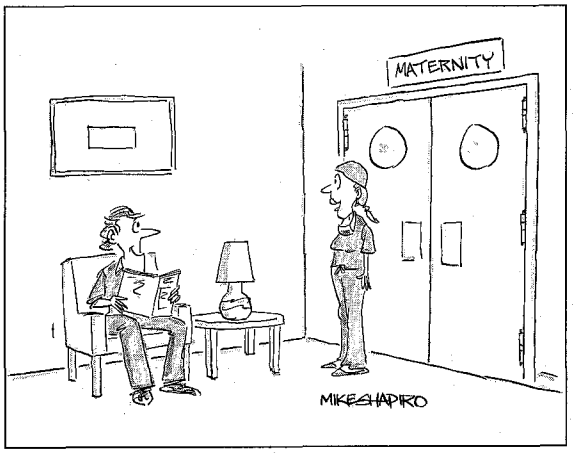
Through laziness, wishful thinking, and most likely sheer incompetence on the part of the "experts," the Clinton victory has, in part, been attributed to that nebulous entity, the "youth vote." But, hey!—more under-thirty voters are identifying themselves as conservative than ever before.

For more than twenty years, pundits have been nattering on about two types of conservatives—"Paleos and Neos." Well, hello there, we right-wing voters under thirty feel quite neglected. Politicians don't notice us unless we work for them at Cratchit-like salaries. And then they steal our ideas. We've also been called all sorts of stupid things like "The Lost Generation." We know where we are. Unfortunately, people who have tried to chart us as a social phenom can't find many common threads—therefore we're "lost."

Only one polling group has been able to find a significant trend in the under-thirty set. It gave us a little credit for not being morons and tracked us politically instead of socially. That group was the Republican National Committee under Lee Atwater. You must admit, Clinton's sax doesn't hold a candle to Atwater's axe. (Author's note: If you're old, "axe" is slang for guitar.) Atwater noticed that there is a third generation of conservatives. Since intellectuals like everything nice, neat, and named, call us Baby Cons.

One of the biggest differences between Baby Cons and older Cons is that we have no guilt about our views. Go ahead, call us smug, racist, elitist, reactionary, etc. We don't care. We are the only generation able to start from square one and say, "Act as if life is fair." For everybody. A "have-not" from the worst possible circumstances has the same *de jure* rights and chances as I do.

As this was not necessarily the case in the past, guilt and resentment color the behavior of prior generations. Paleos feel guilty because some of them actually were. Neos feel guilty about everything. One of the reasons so many shrinks are liberals is that they're fed up with their Neo-Con patients. Neo-Cons discuss their embarrassing pasts with the tediousness of proud new parents. They used to be liberals; then their taxes got too high for them to afford Mao jackets in twenty different colors. Hello, responsibility. Those of their age group who didn't see the Right try to impose both their hypocrisy and their guilt on young people via the PC movement. Baby Cons are fed up with being pushed around by people so insecure that they have to preface any political or social observation with a moral disclaimer: "I think apartheid is terrible, but . . ." or "Well, things have been unequal, but . . ." Shut up and have some guts. We know what's right and what's wrong.



"Congratulations—it's a conservative."

We are the first generation to have been raised by government as evil stepmother. You all thought you saw it in the Thirties, but FDR's programs were small potatoes compared to the behemoth of rules, regulations, and assorted idiocies we are trying to unsnarl ourselves from today. Busing, 55-mile-an-hour speed limits, rules in advertising, college quotas, low-income housing projects in our neighborhoods, don't do this, don't say that, no smoking on planes or trains—the list is endless. We're even the first generation of Americans to have lousy cars mandated by the government.

After Brezhnev

WE ARE also the first generation to come of age in the era of collapsed Communism. As a matter of fact, since Brezhnev died before most of us could vote, we feel that liberalism is a hell of a lot more pernicious than Communism. No Commie can claim the moral high ground at a dinner party without getting laughed at. Let a liberal try it and he gets an award or something. Baby Cons don't have a bear breathing down our necks, which gives us a different perspective.

Paleos and Neos grew up with a USSR that could microwave them in seconds. For us, they were the team to beat at the Olympics. And then they folded. Baby Cons contributed to the biggest foreign-policy event of the century not by writing, not by running for office, but by voting. Since 1980, Republicans have pulled ahead of Democrats in the allegiance of voters under forty. In 1980, younger voters were 37 per cent Democratic, 20 per cent Republican. By

(Continues on page 53)

Miss Lumet is a freelance writer based in New York and New Hampshire.

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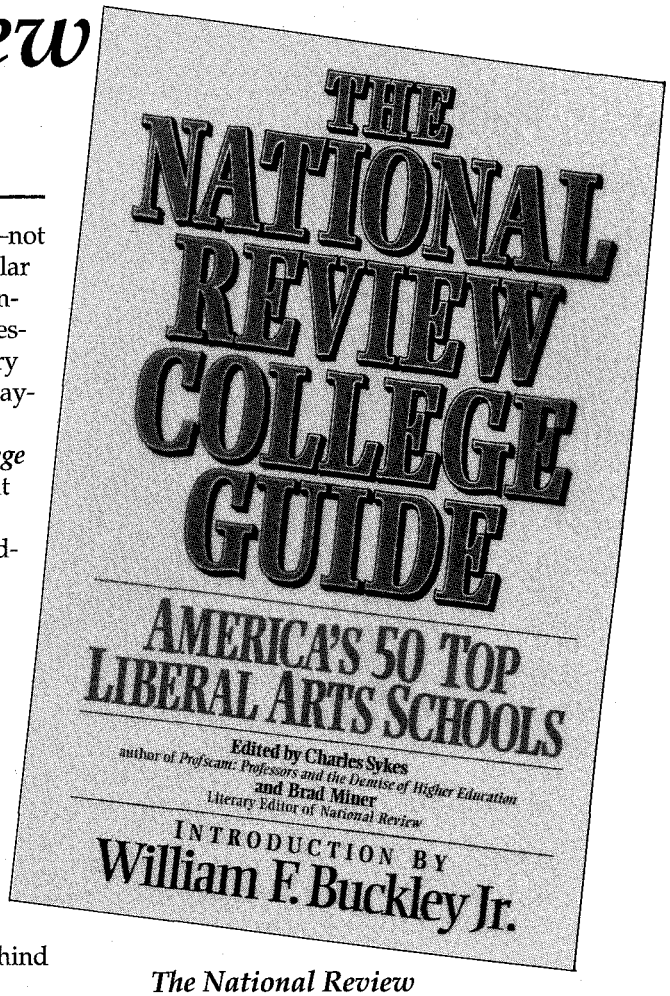
Panned by *The Nation* (So It Must Be Good!)

The National Review College Guide


THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE
AMERICA'S 50 TOP LIBERAL ARTS SCHOOLS
Edited by Charles Sykes
author of Profscam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education
and Brad Miner
Literary Editor of National Review
INTRODUCTION BY
William F. Buckley Jr.

When the flagship of the Far Left levels a broadside, you know you've done something right. So imagine our joy when we spied ***The Nation***'s slam book review of ***The National Review College Guide***, our best-selling guide to America's "Top 50" liberal-arts colleges.

Hey, we understand ***The Nation***'s angst: it's the Palace Guard of the "higher education" status quo—the lack of course-distribution requirements and core curriculums, dwindling academic standards, and rampant classroom cynicism about Western culture and American values. Uncovering 50 colleges which aren't like that—which is exactly what ***The National Review College Guide*** does—is a depressing event.

The *NR* "Top 50"...

are the colleges where your son, daughter, niece, nephew, or grandchild will receive a broad education in the humanities and sciences—not a narrow training in one particular field . . . and certainly not a brainwashing by far-out, far-left professors intent on destroying the very Western traditions parents are paying them to teach.

In ***The National Review College Guide*** we describe in detail what makes each of these recommended colleges special—including the core curriculum, the faculty and administration, the student body, the location, and, in many instances, foreign-study programs. Each of these institutions is unique—with its own sense of purpose and identity.

You can't rely on the the usual college guides to help you identify these schools. But you can rely on ***National Review***, which stands behind every one of the thoroughly researched recommendations in our book. Is it any surprise then that ***The National Review College Guide*** is #3 on the ***Library Journal***'s "College Guides Best Sellers" list? Order your copy today of this handsome book—for yourself or that special student (it makes a great gift for your local library or school!). ***The National Review College Guide*** is one of the most important purchases you will ever make.

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The Nation Rants (and Raves):

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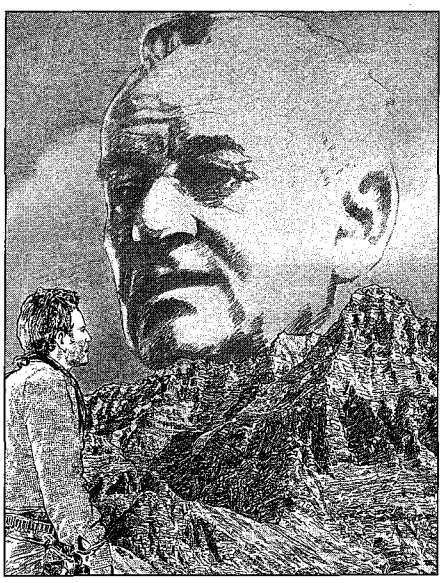
And the West Is History

CHARLTON HESTON

WILLIAM WYLER'S *The Big Country* was among the last of the big-budget westerns done by a major director. I was damn lucky my agent made me do it. The genre has faded out of fashion with critics, its core ethic jarred by the Vietnam syndrome that plagued us for so long, undertaken now only occasionally by uncertain hands daunted by the cost and wondering how much tongue to put in which cheek.

Apart from jazz, the western is the only totally indigenous American art form. Nobody else can do it, and now most of us are afraid to try. That's too bad. More than any other kind of story, the western cries out for a camera and uses it most gloriously. Indeed, the western reaches for its basic images many millennia back before the camera to man's first instinctive creative urges in the cave paintings at Lascaux and the Cretan murals: the running horse, the weaponed confrontation, and the steady eye, unfearful. These are the echoes planted in the bones of Man, the territorial carnivore, immune to shifting taste.


Alan Nahigian

The western is utterly unavailable to the stage, not just because it can't contain the wide Missouri in flood, or a war party of mounted Sioux braves, but because the stage is, finally, the domain of the spoken word. This is its strength and mystic power. Film, conversely, is images: light and shadows, moving images as art. Very often, they speak most eloquently without words. A woman's sleeping eye, suddenly alert to an opening door, running horses splashing through a stream, a limp hand hanging with drops of blood falling from a finger, or wind sweeping over an infinity of wheatfield under a roil of cloud. These images often need not, cannot, be acted; the most brilliant dialogue pales beside them.

William Wyler knew all this from his earliest days directing in silent films, along with John Ford and C. B. De Mille. Willy was also, I think, the best director of performance in film. Actors working for Wyler have been nominated for Academy Awards more than thirty times, and won a dozen Oscars (one of them for Burl Ives in *Big Country*). No other director has come close to this record. Willy was also a brilliant script editor. I learned a great deal about this, watching him scrape every fleck of fat off the dialogue in a scene. His basic dogma was right out of Strunk & White: "Omit needless words."

He demonstrated this wonderfully even in the opening footage of the picture, behind the credits: a lean montage of running horses and spinning carriage wheels, with Jerry Moross's unforgettable score, probably the best ever composed for a western. The sequence somehow prefaced the picture and fulfilled its title. *The Big Country*, indeed.

The offer from Wyler came through my agent, Herman Citron at MCA. "It's a western," Herman said. "With Greg Peck. This is a very classy project, Chuck." That was clear; the only problem was my part. Greg had the lead, of course, but my guy was only about the fourth role.

There's a great deal of egotistical hoo-hah among actors and agents about billing—above the title, first position, co-star billing, last billing in a separate box, and so on. It's useful as a negotiating ploy ("No, we can't up the price but we'll give her star billing, third position above the title"); otherwise, billing order is meaningless. I'd been at it long enough to figure that out, but I was still very preoccupied with the size and centrality of my part. I called Herman. "Look, this is a good script, I know it's a major movie, but my part isn't. We're getting too many offers now, anyway. I'll pass on this one."

It was not mild-mannered Herman who answered, but (as he was also called) The Iceman. "Kid," he said, "you don't know what the f--- you're talking about. You have an offer to work with Gregory Peck for maybe the best director in film, and you're worrying the *part* isn't good enough for you? Don't you know actors take parts with Wyler without even reading the damn *script*? I'm telling you, you *have* to do this picture!" So I did.

Willy worked his usual magic with the actors. He and Greg had assembled a fine bunch. Jeannie Simmons, Chuck Connors in his first good part and maybe his best performance, and Burl Ives, originally a folk singer. When Willy was through with him, he not only richly deserved his Oscar, but was well-launched on an acting career that left him little time for singing.

I still remember, as I suspect my son Fray does too, Burl singing "The Blue Tail Fly" to him one night. Lydia, my wife, had brought Fray to visit our location in the rolling prairie you could still find east of Stockton before they planted it with bloody broccoli. At two, Fray was stunned by the look and feel of it all. For years after, whenever we drove through any landscape that seemed at all plausible, he'd ask me, "Daddy, is dis da *weal* West now?"

I understand that. I think most American men feel a

This article is excerpted from Mr. Heston's autobiography, due out in 1993 from Simon & Schuster.

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sort of blood-call to that search for the real West. For our grandparents, or their greatgrandparents, it was a new chance. I never knew an actor who didn't like making westerns. To stand by a wood fire at six in the morning, with the sun coming up behind you and look west at real country—mountains, prairie, desert—with a cup of coffee in your hand and the sound and smell of horses around you, is to reach back through centuries, beyond our beginnings as a nation.

I realized there were some advantages in, for the first time, not being the main man in the movie. Instead of shooting a 12-hour day, week after week, there were stretches of days of standby, when I could spend time with Fray. Sometimes Lydia would join us, sometimes she'd go off with her increasingly active camera, exploring the "weal West" as eagerly as Fray.

I often had time to sketch, impossible when you're in every scene, with Fray scrawling away happily beside me; or I could leave him digging under a tree while I worked the big pinto stud they'd found for me in the film. He was a beautiful animal, but edgy, as studs are, really barely short of being more horse than I could handle. As they say, any horse is stronger than any man, but the horse doesn't know that, not being very brainy. The trick is never to let him find out. I did my best to keep Domino in happy ignorance, and he looked marvelous on film: high headed, wonderfully loose-gaited, like a horse in a Delacroix painting. (Delacroix didn't really know how to paint a running horse, but he could paint the spirit of one.)

Fray kept clamoring to ride too, and I took him up in front of me a few times, feeling a little outnumbered by a feisty stud and an equally feisty two-year-old. At least, the first time he had his bottom on a horse's back, it was a good horse.

There was even time for me to enjoy friends visiting the location, as often happens. (Friends visiting, not the time to enjoy them.) My half-sister, Kay, came up for a week, too, fresh out of college. It was lovely to have her with us, suddenly grown up and (I think), rather taken with a handsome young stunt man named Chuck Hayward.

Coincidentally, Greg's stunt double was also Chuck . . . Robeson. Chuck Connors and I took him to dinner one night, making well over six hundred pounds of Chuck at the table before we ate a bite. The script supervisor was the fifth Chuck on the company, confusing everybody when one of us was called on the bullhorns. They finally numbered us one through five. "Chuck One!" (me) "To the camera, please."

WILLY worked, as I was to find he always did, with fiercely focused concentration and little small talk. Off the set, he was a warm and delightful man; we remained friends till his death more than twenty years later. Shooting a film, he was very different. Not harsh—there was nothing of the cartoon tyrant with a view-finder that writers are so fond of when inventing a film director. He was abstracted, digging inside himself for the scene till he got to the root of it, then giving it to the actors.

I think he found that last part the hardest—getting it through to the actors. He didn't try to charm; he wasn't particularly eloquent in conveying his vision. In fact, I'm pretty sure he had no preconceived idea of the whole film. Again, unlike the stage, there is no whole film till months after the shooting's done. Willy understood this as well as any director I know. He was willing to let the scene, and the movie, become what it would become. Working on both sides of the camera since, I've tried to remember that. He'd take what you and the other actors gave him, along with any idea the cameraman might have about how to shoot it, and worry the scene through rehearsal till he decided on a master shot. Then, he'd start on the performances.

People claimed Wyler did fifteen or twenty takes on every set-up, which is a wild exaggeration. He averaged, in my experience, maybe six or seven (quite a lot, mind you). In fact, he'd shoot till he was convinced neither you nor he could make it any better. I think it never occurred to him that encouragement was a useful part of the process. Early on *Big Country*, Willy was working me through a tough close-up. Finally, after maybe ten takes, he stood thinking a moment, then turned to the first AD. "Well," he said. "Let's do the two-shot now."

I hurried after him. "Look, Willy," I said. "Let's not quit on this now. We'll get it. I'm not tired. Tell me what we need here."

He looked at me oddly. "Chuck, if I don't say anything, that means it's OK. All right?" Yes, it was, but it was heavy going sometimes. Working for Wyler was like getting the works in a Turkish bath. You damn near drown, but you come out smelling like a rose.

He expected a lot from everyone. His towering reputation and his track record, with both critics and customers, daunted any challenge to his demanding approach. We were having a tough time with a scene one day; I thought of an extensive dialogue cut I was sure would solve it. "Let me show you what I mean, Willy," I said, looking for my script. His was lying nearby in a leather binder, and I snatched it up. It fell open to the leather flyleaf, where the titles of most of his films were stamped in small letters: *Dead End*, *Little Foxes*, *Counselor at Law*, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, *The Westerner*, *Dodsworth*, *Jezebel*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Letter*, *Roman Holiday*, *Friendly Persuasion*, *The Heiress*. I put the binder down. "Forget it," I said. "I agree with you."

Greg, of course, had an impressive track record, too. Also, as co-producer of the film with Willy, he had not only the right but the responsibility to explore any creative differences with him well beyond what's appropriate as actor to director. As far as I know, they had only one serious disagreement, but it was a lulu. When honorable men differ, this is likely to be so.

Looking at the dailies of an important early scene in a buckboard with Carroll Baker, Greg felt he could do a better job on his close-up. He asked Willy to do a retake, not uncommon for an actor of Greg's stature and reputation, even were he not a partner. Willy responded, reasonably enough, "Let me do a rough assembly of the whole scene first. If you're still unhappy with the shot, we'll do it over."

Soooo, in a day or so Greg saw the assembled scene. Still dissatisfied with the shot in question, he asked Willy to schedule the retake, as agreed . . . and Willy refused. To those of us raised to keep promises, this was a shocking breach of faith; to Willy, the film overrode all else, justifying any means.

A few years earlier, Willy had had a similar disagreement making *The Best Years of Our Lives*, arguably his

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finest film. Sam Goldwyn, his employer, ordered him to use a longer version of a close-up of Fredric March instead of the shot Willy preferred. There was no question of a retake; filming was finished, the shot was there in the cutting room. Willy went into the film lab at night, ran down the negative reels to the shot in question, clipped out 15 feet of negative, and destroyed it. He was a man of firm opinions.

So was Greg. To him, I think, it was a question of ethics, not art. I agree—you have to keep your promises. Willy's version of the shot is in *Big Country*, and the two men didn't speak till nearly three years later. Backstage at the Academy Awards, Greg was about to make his entrance as a presenter when Willy walked off with his Oscar for directing *Ben-Hur*. Greg stuck out his hand and said, "Congratulations, Willy, you deserve it."

Willy grinned, shook hands, and said, "Thanks, but I still won't retake that buckboard scene." That was the end of the feud.

During the *Big Country* shoot, relations were strained. Still, they were both consummate professionals with a picture to finish. They did it, I think, superbly. Greg's not capable of a bad performance, but he gave one of his better ones as the green eastern sea captain challenging the grim eye-for-an-eye western ethic.

As the ranch foreman, I was in fast company, but actors, like tennis players, often do better with a top-ranked opponent. Acting is not a competition, of course, but many, even most, good scenes are confrontations between the characters. Greg and I had one like that, beginning as a quarrel, ending in what is still regarded as one of the best bare-knuckle fights on film. We worked through it doggedly, blow by blow in the stifling August heat over two endless days. At one point, Willy moved the camera up on a ridge three hundred yards away. I thought I must be hallucinating; I knew enough about lenses by then to see we'd be the size of ants on the screen. This was Willy's point, of course: the fruitless insignificance of two tiny figures struggling in the dust of this vast land. In the end, there was no winner. Both of us lay bone-battered, panting in exhaustion. That last, we didn't have to act.

I had another fight scene, with Carroll Baker, which Willy solved very differently. Carroll played Greg's fiancée, a beautiful, spoiled child for whom my surly foreman nursed a hopeless passion. Willy was familiar with Carroll's Actors Studio background. He told her, as our quarrel burned to flash point, to hit me with her riding crop. "Chuck's a big guy, you won't hurt him. Really get mad. Let him have it." Then he took me aside and warned me. "You have to get that crop away from her, then hold onto her for the rest of the scene. That's a strong girl."

This is a useful director's ploy, common in acting school: give two actors conflicting goals and turn them loose. Guaranteed to generate genuine emotions. So it did. Carroll was pale with real fury when she swung at me. I managed to catch the crop, snatch it free, and hold her wrists in one hand (I have long fingers). She literally spat the rest of her lines at me, twisting like a trapped leopard. Her anger was wonderfully real and a little scary, which made me angry, too, both as the foreman and myself. "What if she'd caught me in the eye with that damn thing?!" Cut, print.

And that's where the Method collided with Wyler's relentless search for perfection. He wanted another take on the master shot, which became several more. For each, he exhorted Carroll to more effort and warned me to contain her attack at any cost. I missed the crop in one take and took a hard one under the ear. The first take committed me to holding her wrists with one hand, for matching in the cover angles, which I did with increasing desperation, fearful of what she'd do to me if she got loose. Her angry tears became sobs of pain before Willy got what he wanted. It is a very good scene; I guess only Carroll can say whether it was worth it.

It certainly was for me. I learned a great deal from Wyler on *Big Country*, about acting, and movies, and the need to do it better. In the end, you can only do this by pushing yourself. □

Search and Destroy

JACOB NEUSNER

LEAVE it to William Buckley to see right to the heart of a complex issue. Instead of assuming that "we all know" what anti-Semitism is, he takes up the burden of sorting matters out. This he does with wit, insight, common sense—and unfeigned affection for the Jews and appreciation of what the State of Israel stands for. I don't know of a more profound statement of affirmation than these words on the special claim of that state upon the moral conscience of the West: "There is no geographical promontory out there, populated by Catholics who are exposed to terminal persecution . . . there is no Catholic Israel out there, surrounded by Catholic-hating Moslems who have five times attempted to drive the Catholics to the sea, and into it.

In Search of Anti-Semitism, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Continuum, 207 pp., $19.95)

"I would hesitate, then, to endorse a blanket proscription against an anti-Catholic candidate . . . I am ready to concede that in our world, in our time, Jews have inherited distinctive immunities."

Here is a Christian (not merely a gentile) who has earned the right to instruct us all on anti-Semitism.

The instruction is sorely needed, for no -ism covers so many disparate attitudes and prejudices. "Anti-Semitism" refers to so many diverse issues that to go out "in search of" it is the right approach. The truth is, Buckley does not find much, and most of what he finds scarcely qualifies. For the cases covered in this lively and vigorous book, so far as the Right is concerned, represent not so much an ideology of race-hatred as overheated differences of opinion on U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East. As Buckley shows, it is on the Left that anti-Semitic attitudes and policies flourish, where writers and politicians use anti-Semitism as a means of winning votes and intimidating enemies.

Mr. Neusner is distinguished research professor of religious studies at the University of South Florida in Tampa.

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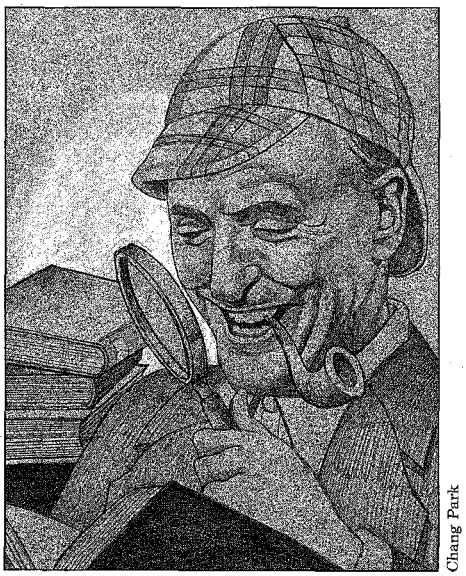
To find a conservative politics of authentic anti-Semitism in this country, you have to read history books. I challenge anyone to contradict Joseph Sobran's sensible observation: "In a society where Jew-hating was rife, charges of anti-Semitism would have no bite." Today's Rumania, Hungary, Poland, and Russia prove exactly that. There, if you want to get elected, you do well to establish your credentials as a Jew-hater; or, at least, avoid identifying yourself as a friend of the Jews. In present-day America, most true anti-Semites live out their years in forest caves in Idaho. Or they do their best to hide their inclinations from the general public, like David Duke, or to appeal to a sectarian political ghetto, like Gus Savage. (Even so, Duke and Savage lost.) From collections of such goofballs and crackpots as these, long-lasting political movements are not made.

The "ism" in anti-Semitism bears with it the claim that we are dealing with a cogent doctrine, a coherent public policy, a way of viewing the world, like Communism or fascism or any of the other -isms and -ities that form of diverse details a systematic account of the social order. And that, indeed, is what in its time and place anti-Semitism accomplished: a complete explanation of why things were so rotten, and what must be done to make them better. That is why, in Europe, political parties could coalesce around anti-Semitism. "The Jews are our misfortune"—as so many Germans put it before 1945—was not a casual observation, nor was it limited in its application. It explained not, say, why Christian Germans should keep Jewish Germans out of the universities, but why the final solution to the Jewish problem would save Europe. Anti-Semitism defined a politics, not the admissions policy of a country club.

Clearly, the stakes are not to be trivialized. In this country in the 1930s, political movements could coalesce around anti-Semitism, as Father Coughlin showed. But in the context of an essentially cordial conservatism since World War II, crying "anti-Semitism" is tantamount to shouting "fire" when someone lights a cigarette. In this documentary study of the complex of attitudes, beliefs, and actions that all together fall into that single capacious category, Buckley completes the project he undertook a generation ago: to rid the Right of the scandal of Jew-hatred.

We should keep in mind the centrality of William Buckley in the formation of an inclusive conservatism in which whites and blacks, Jews and gentiles, Christians and Muslims, now share common tasks in the public interest. That the cases of alleged anti-Semitism on the Right that Buckley takes up scarcely compare to the bona-fide anti-Semitism of the old Right, let alone today's far Left, attests to his success.

The book itself requires little introduction in the pages of the magazine where most of it initially appeared. Two parts of it have appeared in *NR*: First, there is the original essay, in which Buckley reviews four cases in



Chang Park

which anti-Semitism has been alleged, involving Mr. Sobran, Patrick Buchanan, *The Dartmouth Review*, and *The Nation*. Among these cases, only *The Nation* produced virulent Jew-baiting. *The Dartmouth Review* got a bum rap, pure and simple. The other two cases clearly caused much anguish, but, an honest man, Buckley deals with them forthrightly and with good judgment. Then comes a rich collection of comments on Buckley's essay, to which he responds. Much in these pages is fresh, and all of it retains its bite.

Then comes a third section, which has not appeared in print before. This contains Buckley's further reflections and responses to still more comments. Here, in a few pages, Buckley sets forth his verdict: "Anti-Semitism should not run the risk of losing its august place among the gigantic malefactions in human history." If only for words such as these, testimony to real moral authority, the documents assembled here deserve even more attention than they got when originally published.

Buckley finds his way through the chaos that is created when many things are called by the same name. To explain the problem, let me offer a hypothetical case. In court politics in a multi-ethnic kingdom, the Jews form a distinct group. They support a certain king, who loses power. The other side takes over. Getting even, the new king issues decrees hostile to the Jews. Is that anti-Semitism? A history of the Jews, treating as continuous and patterned a diverse and complex set of histories of Jews, will routinely catalogue such an event as more evidence of anti-Semitism. But, viewed in context, it is merely an example of ethnic politics, in which the Jews happened to be on the wrong side. All we now remember is the anti-Semitic decree; the equivalent paybacks to other ethnic losers are rarely recorded in histories of anti-Semitism. The case I cited isn't made up; the history of Visigoth politics in early medieval Spain yields just such a tale. But in the fabricated construct of "anti-Semitism," context is ignored and differentiation among essentially distinct matters neglected.

Then again there is theological anti-Judaism: that is, the perfectly honorable conviction that, with the advent of Jesus Christ, the unique Covenant between God and Israel was either dissolved or unrecognizably changed. Most Christians took that view until Vatican II—that is, for over 1,900 years. Anti-Judaism is not race-hatred, nor is it a political doctrine that attributes all evil to "the Jews." Even the Christian racist anti-Semitism that maintained that "the Jews killed Christ," with catastrophic results in some parts of Europe (the Rhineland in the Crusades, Spain during the reconquest), is not the same thing as anti-Semitism of the kind that persuaded the Germans, even to the detriment of their war effort, to murder all the Jews they could find.

Buckley also carefully distinguishes between criticism of Israeli policy on one issue or another and anti-Israelism, which is the view that the State of Israel has no right to existence, or anti-Zionism, the view that Jews do

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not have the right to form themselves into a political entity. And he distinguishes between intergroup tension, which is different people bumping up against one another in sometimes hostile ways, and transcendent racism, yielding genocide.

Clearly, anti-Semitism is not the same thing as Jew-baiting, which is not the same thing as anti-Judaism, which is not the same thing as political racism, which is not the same thing, for that matter, as wishing that Yitzhak Shamir—or your business competitor or the lawyer representing someone suing you—should drop dead. People who differ about Israeli policy or U.S. policy toward the State of Israel can concede one another's integrity. And to treat any perfectly this-worldly disagreement about public policy, whether it is local tensions over school prayer or abortion or support for private or religious schools, with (many) Jews on one side and (many) Catholics on the other—to treat such difference on public policy as the same thing as the anti-Semitism of Nazi or Black Muslim theology is to lose all perspective.

In sorting matters out with the obvious affection and respect for the Jews and Judaism that this book shows, Buckley should win from those most affected, Jews themselves and their close neighbors, whether friendly, neutral, or hostile, the trust that is needed so that people can stop choosing up sides and start sorting out their conflicts—and resolving them. □

Pilgrim's Progress

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

CAROLINE GORDON, the novelist and wife of Allen Tate, was mentor to both Walker Percy and Flannery O'Connor, whom she considered the most promising writers of their generation. Miss Gordon believed that the end of what she called "the Protestant mystique" in literature was at hand, owing to the fatal tendency of the Protestant artist to assume "the responsibility of setting up a new heaven and a new earth," whereas his Catholic counterpart knows that "God has already created the universe and that his job is to find his proper place in it." For Shelby Foote, himself an accomplished novelist as well as an historian and Percy's lifelong friend, religious doctrine in general and Catholic dogma in particular could only serve as a straitjacket to the literary artist, compelling him to see and to render according to a narrowly conceived formula. The falsity of this view is proved by the careers of Percy and O'Connor, whose respective work, while inspired by a common faith, is utterly dissimilar in sensibility, form, and content. Miss O'Connor, in speaking of her own writing, suggested a fundamental difference: "one reason why I can write about Protestant believers better than Catholic believers . . . [is] because they express their belief in diverse kinds of dramatic action which is obvious enough for me to catch. I can't write about anything subtle." Whereas Percy's specialty, particularly in the earlier novels, is rendering Angst experienced by lapsed or proto-Catholics for whom action, let alone dramatic action, is almost impossible. A second difference is a function of the first: every character of O'Connor's is finally either saved or damned, while the fate of Percy's men and women remains indeterminate. Flannery O'Connor represents the modern Catholic artist of resolution, Walker Percy that of irresolution.

Pilgrim in the Ruins: A Life of Walker Percy, by Jay Tolson (Simon & Schuster, 544 pp., $27.50)

Sam Westbrook

Questions of character and temperament aside, what seems determinative here is avocation: O'Connor's intellectual passion for theology *versus* Percy's for philosophy. In this respect, O'Connor kept her hand better hidden than Percy kept his: from the philosophical doctor's first novel (*The Moviegoer*) at least to his penultimate one (*The Second Coming*), the intellectual framework is perceptible behind the action. This for some readers is a failing of Percy's fiction, for others a strength: one way or the other, it is essential to it. Although Percy in his later years claimed that "existentialism" was a word that he had never really understood in the first place, and that had come through abuse and overuse to mean nothing at all, still the term as it is loosely understood today is the central philosophical thread through Percy's novels, as the word in its relationship to The Word is the underlying theological concern of his linguistical essays. "Percy's attraction to speculative thought," his biographer claims, "was no different, at bottom, from Aquinas's: he hoped to show not only the compatibility of faith and knowledge but their interconnection. The problem was finding the right key to make this demonstration." At the poetic level, the object of Walker Percy's artistic search was "the mystery that surrounds the individual life," its theme the fact of human sadness in the modern world, the twentieth century especially.

In youth and early manhood, Percy was a cocky rationalist who trusted to scientific thought to solve every philosophical problem and answer all man's questions. He received an MD from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City and never denied the validity of the scientific method, even after coming to the conclusion that science was incapable by itself of explaining the mystery of man's individual being. His fellow medical students, aware of his regular disappearances from P&S in midafternoon, supposed he had gone to relax at the movies; instead, he was on West 54th Street between Fifth and

Mr. Williamson is senior editor for books at Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture.

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Sixth Avenues consulting Dr. Janet Rioche, a psychoanalyst. Eventually Percy became disillusioned by psychoanalysis, but he continued to suspect that the psychiatric malaise of the age was related to the spiritual one—an hypothesis he explored in fiction and that is largely responsible for the deceptively contemporary quality of his essentially reactionary work. O'Connor wrote as a prophet; Percy as a seeker—a far more modern and, for the times, sympathetic and acceptable role. The fact helps to explain how he succeeded as far as he did in foisting his counter-cultural Catholicism upon a hostile but (in his case) mostly unsuspecting audience; though Percy's unpleasant relationship with his first publishers, Alfred and Blanche Knopf, suggests that they were more perceptive readers of *The Moviegoer* than many of its reviewers.

Pilgrim in the Ruins is superior biography. Jay Tolson, who edits *The Wilson Quarterly*, is competent to handle matters pertaining to theology, philosophy, and literature, and remains entirely composed in the activity. The life he chose to tell was uneventful even for a literary life, but it was not without a quiet interior drama—Percy's conversion to Catholicism, his illness from tuberculosis, and a six-year emotional crisis in the 1970s that seems to have tested his long and otherwise happy marriage and that nearly cost him his faith. ("The connection between Percy's life and his work during the years he wrote *Lancelot* may well be one of the greater mysteries of his biography. Put rather simply, the mystery boils down to this: Did Percy write an infernal novel because he was going through a hellish time in his life, or did he compel himself to go through hell in order to write an infernal novel?") To say that Tolson makes the best of this material is to understate his accomplishment in producing a book that keeps pace with the novels themselves. If he takes an artistic gamble early on by providing a long and closely detailed history of Percy's family and of the city of Birmingham, Alabama, which Percy's ancestors helped to found and develop, he finally wins it. Walker Percy's Southernness, as casually as Percy himself treated it, ought not to be undervalued; while Tolson's relaxed presentation of the story culminating in the tragedy of the

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House of Percy—the suicides of Walker Percy and of Leroy Pratt Percy, respectively the author's paternal grandfather and father—emphasizes the horror of the events. Following Leroy's death, William Alexander Percy—the deceased's cousin and a noted lawyer and poet of Greenville, Mississippi—brought the widow and her three sons to live with him in the Delta. (There, two years later, Mattie Sue Phinizy Percy was drowned when her car ran off a bridge and overturned in the creek.) William Alexander, the man who became a second father to Walker and his brothers, had fought in France and Belgium in the Great War and received the Croix de Guerre for his almost suicidal bravery. "That short period of my life spent in battle," he later wrote, "is the only one I remember step by step—as if it moved sub specie aeternitatis. Not that I enjoyed it; I hated it. Not that I was fitted for it by temperament or ability, I was desperately unfitted; but it, somehow, had meaning, and daily life hasn't; it was part of a common endeavor, and daily life is isolated and lonely."

Readers familiar with Walker Percy's fiction will recognize at once the theme of "dailiness," whose terrors, the novelist realized, had led to the deaths of his father and grandfather. But Uncle Will, as the boys called him, though apparently a prey to the same horror, had not killed himself. "Will," Tolson writes, "had been able to live with it. He had overcome it, even mastered it. But how? The question was in no sense academic."

Walker set himself to answer it. "I didn't feel guilty or responsible the way some children of suicides do," he once explained. "I didn't feel that way at all. I was angry. And I was determined not only to find out why he did it but also to make damn sure it didn't happen to me." □

To Your Health!

WILFRID SHEED

THE MASTER Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock once suggested that the ideal university would start with a man smoking a pipe, around whom would accrete disciples and books, in no special order, and eventually some sort of housing to keep the books dry (the shade of a large tree would presumably do for the others: there's a lot to be learned from getting wet occasionally).

No Stranger to Tears: A Surgeon's Story, by William G. Cahan, MD (Random House, 448 pp., $25)

This, one might suppose, may be all very well for universities, but is not altogether practical for hospitals. Yet the one Dr. William Cahan writes about in his book, to wit, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, has always struck me on my grudging visits there as a Stephen Leacock kind of place, built around a cadre of wise men—not smoking pipes to be sure (make that damn sure) but pursuing wisdom to beat the band, and surrounded by student nurses, student patients, and even student visitors.

Each of the above will have learned before he leaves more than he bargained for, not just about cancer, but about life and death, the texture of fear and the stubbornness of hope; and he will have experienced the rare, almost dreamlike pleasure of being treated by doctors who love their work to the point of obsession and by nurses who treat the patients like friends, and not like the latest nuisance found in the in-tray.

It's safe to guess that Dr. Cahan, concerning whom I have no intention of being objective—I owe the man an enormous debt, and if he'd written a bad book, I'd be the last to tell you—won't mind my sharing some of his space with the establishment where he works; because he loves it himself, with all his heart, and has probably done as much as anyone over nearly fifty years of service to shape its style.

At Sloan-Kettering, you will sense none of the prevailing sulkiness common to hospitals where medicine seems to be regarded as primarily a holding action, like weeding and doing the dishes. The personnel at S-K are part of a great enterprise and it shows in their work. To indulge, nay wallow, in a personal note: if Plato had written a dialogue on the nature of nursing he could not have conceived of this exacting art being practiced much better than it was recently practiced on and around me at Dr. Cahan's hospital. And the same goes for the doctoring of my own doctor, Elliot Strong, who might have a pretty good book in him, too.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the seductive powers of this building is the simple fact that it has been able to nail such a free spirit as the author down to the same spot for the best part of a long, rich lifetime. By temperament, Bill Cahan had, and by the looks of him has, the makings of a pretty good playboy, and in his first exhilarating years on the job, he did his best to uphold the reputation of surgeons as the stunt-pilots or rakehells of medicine. It is no accident that Walter Mitty daydreamed in sequence of being a great trial lawyer, a World War I ace, and a super-surgeon. Surgery is one of those death-or-glory, high-stakes professions that seem to demand a corresponding flamboyance in the private life, or winding-down period. And Dr. Cahan's first marriage, to Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, gave him every opportunity to blast off, plunging him willy-nilly into an irresistibly distracting off-stage life among the beautiful people of New York, who turn up in the course of his book as both patients and playmates. And his current marriage to the editor Grace Mirabella hasn't exactly taken him out of the swing.

Yet always the siren song of work would lure him *away* from the rocks (Dr. Cahan's sirens are Jewish) and he would notice at the height of the revels a suspicious dot on the face of a celebrity he might be talking to, or hear a nasty cough from a cabdriver—the democracy of cancer is all the antidote he needs to the high life—and the whole scene changes. Cancer is at once so mysterious and so commonplace that all the world's a clue and all the men and women are under suspicion. On the strength of TV pictures alone, Dr. Cahan has forwarded health warnings to such diverse figures as Yuri Andropov, Jimmy Carter, and Bart Giamatti (this last was a mistake—Cahan mistook someone else's

Mr. Sheed's next book, My Life as a Fan, *is due next year from Simon & Schuster.*

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hands for the late baseball commissioner's on the screen). And in real life, woe betide the dinner partner who carelessly lights up in his presence: Dr. Cahan's passions are on call at all hours of the day, and his sermons on tobacco are ripsnorters.

There is never a dull moment in such a life, or in such a book. The very next patient who walks in the door may be the *one* who unwittingly reveals the secret to the whole thing; so Dr. Cahan has seen fit to keep his eyes wide open through fifty years of intense cancer research, to which his book constitutes the best guide I have yet seen.

But a guide to cancer is not like a guide to hangnail or croup. There are no detached observers at this bedside and no safe place to view it from. The democracy of cancer includes preeminently among its citizens the doctors who spend their days in its presence. Early in his career, Dr. Cahan suspected he had the disease himself and feared, as patients have feared since Galen was a pup, that his own doctor was not leveling with him about it; and later, he would experience the slight awkwardness a specialist feels in the presence of a colleague who has caught the house plague.

To have lived around cancer as long as Dr. Cahan has is to have lived through every phase of it again and again, from early indications to grieving widows, and Dr. Cahan discusses with a liberating candor that may be unique to these particular doctors the twin temptations of sympathizing too much and too little; of crying yourself to sleep and hardening your heart.

Thus his book also constitutes the anatomy of a vocation, a Doctor's Progress through Vanity Fair and the Slough of Despond to a well-earned flourish of trumpets. The story begins with young Bill Cahan's first impulse to learn medicine: a beloved grandmother dies and he is unable to help her—this must not happen again. And it ends with him standing by relatively helpless again as another loved one, his son this time, performs an operation at which the author is not *supposed* to help because of his age. So he has achieved the human optimum of progressing from helplessness to helplessness-plus-wisdom, with the torch safely passed on, and that should be enough for anybody.

But with Dr. Cahan, you never know. His last sentence seems to kick up its heels, as if to say "you ain't seen nothing yet." In which case, the only question is whether to expect an opera or an epic poem from this Renaissance doctor. Surgery has always been a form of artistic expression for him anyway and he shows a great deal of promise with a pencil.

In conclusion, the reader should be warned that this book may prove hazardous to your smoking. This reader for one will never be able to look at a cigarette calmly again. □

FILM

Biopics

JOHN SIMON

INTO his short life, Malcolm X (1925–1965) packed many careers, from criminal to ascetic; and many ideologies, from extremist white-hating black nationalism to some sort of incipient tolerance and ecumenism. I know no more about the Black Muslim orator and organizer

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than anyone would who lived in New York City during the first lustrum of the Sixties, when Malcolm X's rise within the Nation of Islam, expulsion, and murder made headlines, and I am not especially qualified to assess the value of Spike Lee's three-hour-and-twenty-one-minute ***Malcolm X*** from the historical standpoint (for that see "Bad Rap for Malcolm X," by Carol Iannone, *NR*, Dec. 14).

Even so, having read some of the printed matter that has recently been gushing forth on the subject, I can safely say that although Lee has not turned out a hagiography, neither has he gone into the particularly spiky aspects of Malcolm's history: his negotiations on behalf of Elijah Muhammad with the KKK, his excursions into homosexuality and male hustling, and the NoI's anti-Semitism, which he espoused. But even without those elements, and the alleged burning down of his own house for propaganda purposes, Malcolm X leaves room enough for the filmmaker to cover all kinds of ground, from rough to smooth to tragic: from Malcolm Little, the preacher's son in Omaha, whose father is allegedly murdered by whites and whose mother goes mad, to El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, the independent black leader gunned down at the Audubon Ballroom less than a year after his eye-opening pilgrimage to Mecca.

In between, we get Detroit Red, the red-headed hustler in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and, later, Harlem—the fellow who dabbled in pimping and robbery while living with Sophia, a Cadillac-driving white good-time girl; Satan, the recalcitrant inmate who, during six and a half years in jail, went from hell-raiser to self-taught intellectual (with guidance from the fictitious Baines, a fellow prisoner and Elijah Muhammad henchman who turns Malcolm around); and Malcolm X, the beloved lieutenant of Elijah Muhammad, whom Malcolm worshipped for years until he discovered his polygyny, and, denouncing it, got himself drummed out of the NoI. And, of course, the loving husband of Betty Shabazz and father of three daughters, all of whom his political activities kept him away from far too often and, at last, irrecoverably.

Such a life guarantees a filmmaker the virtual impossibility of boring his audience, however long his movie. For my money, this is the first film with which Shelton Jackson Spike Lee, assistant professor of Contemporary American Cinema in Harvard's Afro-American department, has made a genuine contribution to Contemporary American Cinema. I do not think that *Malcolm X* is a totally honest movie—if it were, it would offend almost everybody—but it is a genuine piece of filmmaking, with a savvily paced story, bustling and bristling atmosphere, security of technical execution, and devilishly good acting.

Marvin Worth—who bought the rights to *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* from Betty Shabazz and Alex Haley, who, with Malcolm, wrote it (neither Malcolm, embellishing his past, nor Haley, the plagiarist and mythologizer of *Roots*, is to be entirely trusted with words)—has for a quarter-century struggled to get the film made. At first, James Baldwin, the black novelist, joined by Arnold Perl, a blacklisted screenwriter, tried to come up with a script. They died, and Calder Willingham, David Mamet, David Bradley, and Charles Fuller made unsuccessful stabs at a screenplay. Finally, Spike Lee revised the Baldwin–Perl script, from which, for reasons that remain murky, Baldwin's name was dropped, leaving Perl–Lee victorious. Someday a student of Contemporary American Cinema will have fun writing a dissertation on who wrote what in this screenplay, which, barring a few anachronisms, sounds authentic enough.

Even so, what was needed was a charismatic actor to portray the red-headed firebrand; in Denzel Washington, Lee was lucky to find the ideal interpreter. If anything, too good, for though Denzel resembles Malcolm a lot, he is better-looking and does not have that slightly desiccated quality one associates with that haggard figure in the Sixties. Washington manages to be playful and formidable, touching and terrifying, without once seeming excessive in a role that must have been an invitation to excess. Angela Bassett plays his wife with the straightforwardness bordering on cliché with which the part is written. Al Freeman Jr. conveys admirably the disquieting singsong and ominous jollity of Elijah Muhammad, and as Baines, the man who converts Malcolm in prison to the NoI, Albert Hall is stunning.

There is similarly magnetic work from Delroy Lindo as West Indian Archie, the drug dealer who recruits Malcolm into crime, and Kate Vernon as Sophia, Malcolm's white mistress, particularly convincing in the bedroom sequence in which Malcolm makes her kiss his foot. Theresa Randle is touching as his black sweetheart who ends badly; Lonette McKee is perhaps a touch too glamorous as his mother, but good, as are countless others. Some famous black or white actors, and no less famous non-actors, appear in cameo roles, and it is equal fun to spot them or to discover only afterward who they were.

Lee himself plays Shorty, an early companion of Malcolm's in mischief, and though he is all right, he is the only cast member who makes you aware that you are watching an actor—or, in this case, director. The zoot suits he and Malcolm wear in the early sequences are flamboyant enough to start a conflagration, and contrast expressively with Malcolm's later Ivy-League-*cum*-IBM-office-manager look. As ever, Ernest Dickerson is Lee's cinematographer, and he once again indulges his trademark juxtaposition of warmly lit and broodingly dark areas within the same frame, suggesting not so much chiaroscuro as a divided screen. There is a brief re-

Mr. Simon, NR*'s film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*

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currence of Lee's crazy effect from *Jungle Fever* of keeping the actor static while ostensibly moving the background, and one or two other indulgences recalling *School Daze*.

None of this matters much; the film charges ahead with such a voracity to fulfill itself that you cannot but bobsled along. Terence Blanchard's original score is unobtrusive, and the exteriors look consistently right. It's nice that Lee was allowed to film—a world first—in Mecca, and make us all vicarious hajjis. The one thing that does not get fully conveyed is Malcolm's conversion on this pilgrimage upon encountering blond, blue-eyed, fair-skinned Muslims. How many of those could there have been? And can one be sure they didn't wear contacts and dye their hair?

On the other hand, Lee makes no bones about blaming the NoI for Malcolm's assassination, albeit with the tacit collusion of the FBI. That scene is staged with tremendous urgency and persuasiveness. Genuine flaws occur only at the beginning and end. In the pre-title sequence, we get the videotaped beating of Rodney King by the Los Angeles police; at the very end, we watch black schoolchildren jumping to their feet one after another in a classroom to shout: "I am Malcolm X!" At such times, an otherwise dignified work stoops to agit-prop.

■ I have always liked *Variety*'s neologism *biopic* for a screen biography: it has such suggestive overtones of *bionic* and *biopsy* to tickle the metaphor-making imagination. And you do need something to occupy your mind as you watch Richard Attenborough's characteristically glossy, sprawling, conventional ***Chaplin***, based partly on Charlie's close-to-the-vest autobiography and partly on David Robinson's much more informative book. Perhaps the chief purpose of the movie is to remind us how much more of an achievement *Malcolm X* is.

Sir Richard has an uncanny and unholy knack for making whatever he touches reverential, ponderous, and dull. This is particularly true of his biopics, whatever the subject: Churchill, Steven Biko, or Gandhi. He can make an angry mob scene or slaughter on a battlefield look as if it had that minute shed its cellophane wrapper. Just how he makes violence feel balletic without actually choreographing it will, I hope,

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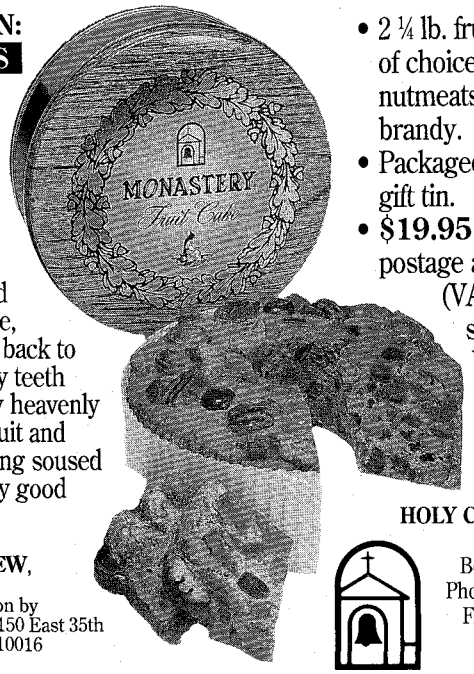

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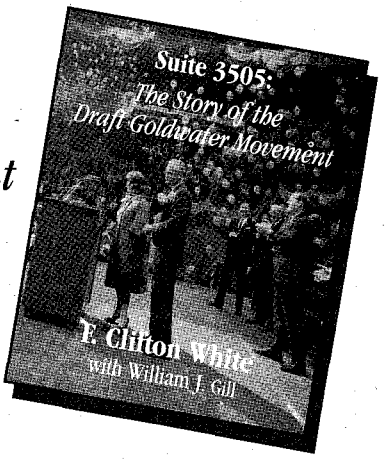

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remain a secret he'll carry to the grave with him.

In *Chaplin*, he traces the comedian's entire life, complete with his making some of his famous movies and bouncing from woman to woman. We see the abject London poverty he, his mother, and half-brother Sydney endured, Sydney's and his start in vaudeville, the first chaste love affair with the showgirl Hetty, the move to the burgeoning Hollywood, the involvement with Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, Mary Pickford, and the rest. Further, his friendship with Douglas Fairbanks Sr., his acquiring his own studio, the first child-bride, Mildred Harris, and so on. It all has the feeling of a shopping list, with each item ticked off in consecutive, orderly fashion. If a museum diorama were to be electronically activated, it would become an Attenborough movie.

Yet talent was employed everywhere. The chief screenwriter was the novelist William Boyd, who provided Bruce Beresford with the marvelous *Mr. Johnson*; the cinematographer was Bergman's own Sven Nykvist, the editor was Anne V. Coates, who edited *Lawrence of Arabia* and helped reassemble it in 1989. Furthermore, John Mollo is a terrific designer of historic costumes, and his collaborator here, Ellen Morojnick, who did the costumes for *Basic Instinct* and *Fatal Attraction*, is a specialist in you know what. Robert Downey Jr. was a reasonable choice for the lead, and until, in terrible makeup, he does the old Chaplin, he is good enough. The British actor Paul Rhys does a pungently authentic Sydney; and the various stars, wives, and mistresses are all well cast. Milla Jovovich has a spookily seductive quality as Mildred; Penelope Ann Miller is a droll Edna Purviance; Moira Kelly, though only adequate as Oona, is winsome as Hetty. How typical of Attenborough, by the way, to expect bonus points for casting the same actress as the first love and the last!

Truly outstanding work, though, comes from Diane Lane as a spirited Paulette Goddard, and Kevin Kline, who was born to play Doug Fairbanks, although probably in a better movie. It's a mistake, however, to make people whose faces we remember look quite different in the film. Thus it is troubling that Moira Kelly doesn't look a bit like Oona O'Neill, especially when Oona's daughter Geraldine, who inappositely plays Charlie's mother, does look like a spitting image of Oona. Crazy! Anthony Hopkins is wasted on the tepid part of a fictitious editor, and Dan Ackroyd is okay as Sennett, whom Robert Preston once played to perfection elsewhere. James Woods gets his menacing most out of the lawyer for Joan Barry, who won a rigged paternity suit against Chaplin, and Kevin Dunn is wonderfully bloodcurdling as J. Edgar Hoover. But none of these actors can really score before being whisked off to oblivion.

Some mistakes can be identified—such as showing characters and episodes from Chaplin's later films as real-life encounters in Charlie's younger days—self-conscious, sometimes even mawkish, stuff. And at the Hollywood ceremony honoring the man who earlier was hounded out for political and (hypocritically) moral reasons, we get to see snippets from actual Chaplin films that put Attenborough's reconstructions to shame. By wanting to touch lightly on everything, Attenborough flubs the chance of involving and touching *us*. □

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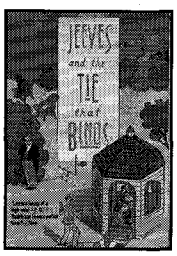

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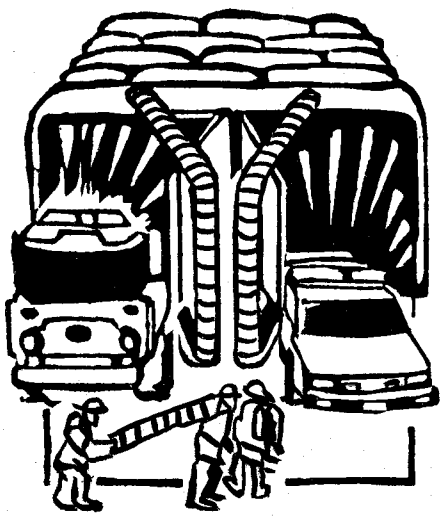
DELECTATIONS

Rescue Hampers

DIGBY ANDERSON

THROUGHOUT the year this column is concerned with how conservative cooks and diners can survive in a hostile world. But at Christmas we should think of others. In particular of giving things to others. And, fairly obviously, we give the most important thing to others, food. You will give hampers. But not bought hampers stuffed with dreary vacuum-packed smoked salmon, stale nuts, eight varieties of tea, and plastic pink Turkish delight. Conservative cooks make their own special "rescue" hampers. What you are aiming for is things that will be welcomed by unfortunate friends who are threatened with tasteless turkey, too many overcooked vegetables, oversweet sauces, and apple pies. It's got to be something which blasts its way through this lot, demanding not only to be eaten but eaten *now*, and *instead* of the revolting turkey. It must be something which will rot unless it is eaten immediately. Something to rescue them from ghastly Christmas food.

First, home-made sausages. You'll need casings, sheeps' intestines. Find a butcher or delicatessen that makes its own sausages and buy some casings. They'll either be dried or salted. In both cases they need soaking for a few minutes. Then, call the children—grown-up children enjoy this too—and commandeer the bathroom. Attach one end of the casing to the bath tap and turn the water on (no, silly, the cold tap). If you do not have a bath, you'll have to dismantle the shower nozzle: serves you right for not having a bath.



John Hart

Mr. Anderson is food columnist for The Spectator *(London) and the author of* The Spectator Book of Imperative Cooking.

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As the casing fills it squirms round the bath as though alive and you can make it do a sort of lethargic snake dance by turning the water on and off. Soon the water finds a hole and someone gets an eyeful; more hilarity, and attempts to make the snake squirm so as to direct the leak at the oldest daughter, who has just done her hair—again. The object, apart from the fun, is to find any such holes and discard the lengths they are in.

Previously you have bought some lean and fat pork, about two-thirds lean, one-third fat, and preferably from a large ("manufacturer's") pig. Some of the lean might be replaced with venison or hare or other strong red game. Grind the meat, add salt and herbs and a very little wine, lots of black pepper, and mix well. Now put the mixture through the grinder—manual or electric—a second time, with the grinding disc replaced by a sausage funnel. The casing is then threaded onto the funnel and filled.

Oh dear. I forgot to tell you to tie a knot in the end of the casing. Never mind, it was a rather vulgar suit: suits shouldn't glisten. Let the casing slip off as it fills, now and then making individual sausages by tying cotton round at whatever lengths you want.

The mixture can be varied during the year, but the crucial aspect of home-made sausages for hampers is that they do not keep. Make them on December 23. Wrap them up and put a large label on explaining that these delicious home-made sausages must be consumed within two days of receipt. You can add not entirely truthful descriptions of the sufferings which will follow delayed consumption: stomach cramps, sudden diarrhea (in the middle of church services, balls, and operas), trichinosis, and insanity.

Next some raw fish marinated with garlic, chilis, and oil. This too can have warnings: "worms" is particularly effective. But it has the added merit of demanding immediate attention and consumption by its smell. A Roquefort or Gorgonzola packed up only after it has been brought on by proximity to a radiator is similarly effective. Best of all is best-quality salt cod, soaked for 36 hours.

On Christmas Day you imagine your dear friends opening the contents of their hamper. The combined smells blast through the house, annihilating the roasting turkey and unpleasant perfume of the wife's mother: "I say, dear, perhaps we ought to have these sausages now. We could always have the turkey cold tomorrow. And we could start off with some of that raw tuna. I don't think we ought to keep it." Rescue mission accomplished.

This, of course, is only for beginners. The ultimate hamper, for example the one I would like to receive, is much more exciting and demands even more insistently to be dealt with, cooked, and eaten. What you want is two ducks (for preference, Muscovy). Clip their wings and tie each one's legs together, then you'll find they sit quite still in the hamper for the short journey, quacking away happily under the festive wrapping, which should be loosely arranged so as to give them plenty of air. Accompany them with another hamper—plastic lined—containing the essential ingredient for a Neapolitan Christmas: live eels in water. Buy them at Chinese fishmongers and keep them up to Christmas Eve in the bath, running in a change of water frequently for oxygenation. They will keep some two weeks if necessary. When you want to wash through the sausage casings, it is easier and kinder to remove the eels temporarily to the washbasin.

What a wonderful present. Not only the prospect of fried eels in olive oil and garlic followed by roast ducks stuffed with potato and onion and in a good Burgundy sauce, but the pleasure of getting away from silly games, television, and sports, and spending Christmas chopping, plucking, gutting, and stuffing. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Evil Money: Encounters along the Money Trail, by Rachel Ehrenfeld (HarperBusiness, 298 pp., $22)

TWO YEARS AGO in *Narco-Terrorism* Rachel Ehrenfeld exposed the political dimension of drug trafficking. Now she turns specifically to the money laundering that allows traffickers and terrorists to cleanse their profits of the taint of drugs. The world of laundering corrupts not only the banks, but sometimes the politics of entire countries. In Peru the money-laundering BCCI helped wed drug traffickers and the Maoist Shining Path. Even so, Peru's

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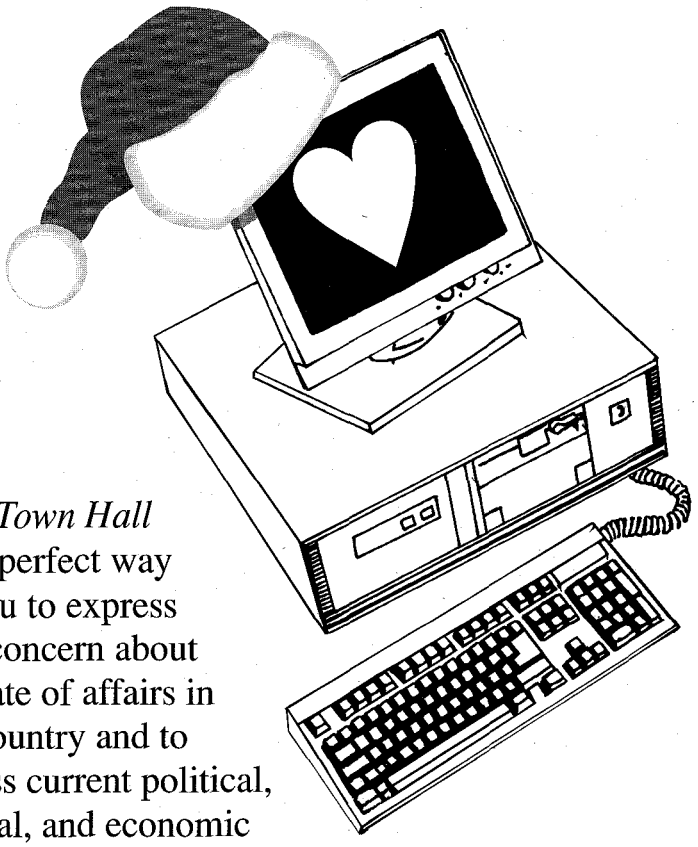

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former President Alan García embraced the outlaw bank, and between 1985 and 1987 about 25 per cent of Peru's hard-currency reserves were at BCCI. Unfortunately, most of Miss Ehrenfeld's reporting consists of anecdotes recounted in minute detail, often to little purpose. What analysis she offers comes mostly in a final chapter warning of the "Colombianization of the United States": Miss Ehrenfeld claims, in a metaphor that is hard to visualize, that "Adam Smith's 'invisible hand' . . . is now stabbing itself in the back" as traffickers take advantage of capitalism to transform America into a "symbol of crime and degeneracy." Coming at the end of a book that is stuffed with accounts of money-laundering cases assiduously broken by U.S. law-enforcement agencies, the charge rings hollow.

—Rich Lowry

Free Speech for Me but Not for Thee, by Nat Hentoff (HarperCollins, 405 pp., $25)

Nat Hentoff has made a career out of free-speech absolutism, but fortunately he is consistent enough to realize that today the real threat to free speech comes from the Left, and brave enough to denounce it in the pages of his own main outlets, *The Village Voice* and the *Washington Post*. Conservatives may be annoyed by Hentoff's inability to see any difference between cranks who would ban *Oedipus Rex* from the schools, and legitimately concerned citizens who would ban pornography from the streets. However, he brings forward an abundance of case studies to illustrate the ongoing struggle of the "advocates of civil rights versus the advocates of civil liberties." One case concerns a black student at the University of Michigan who, during a discussion, said that he had heard that a certain course was particularly difficult for minorities. The professor, also a minority member, demanded redress under the school's speech code, and the student was forced to write a letter of apology. According to the University of Michigan, the professor had a "right" to be free from the harm that criticism of his class would bring. In this and other cases, Hentoff provides additional evidence, as if any more were needed, of the depredations of PC.

—Richard Samuelson

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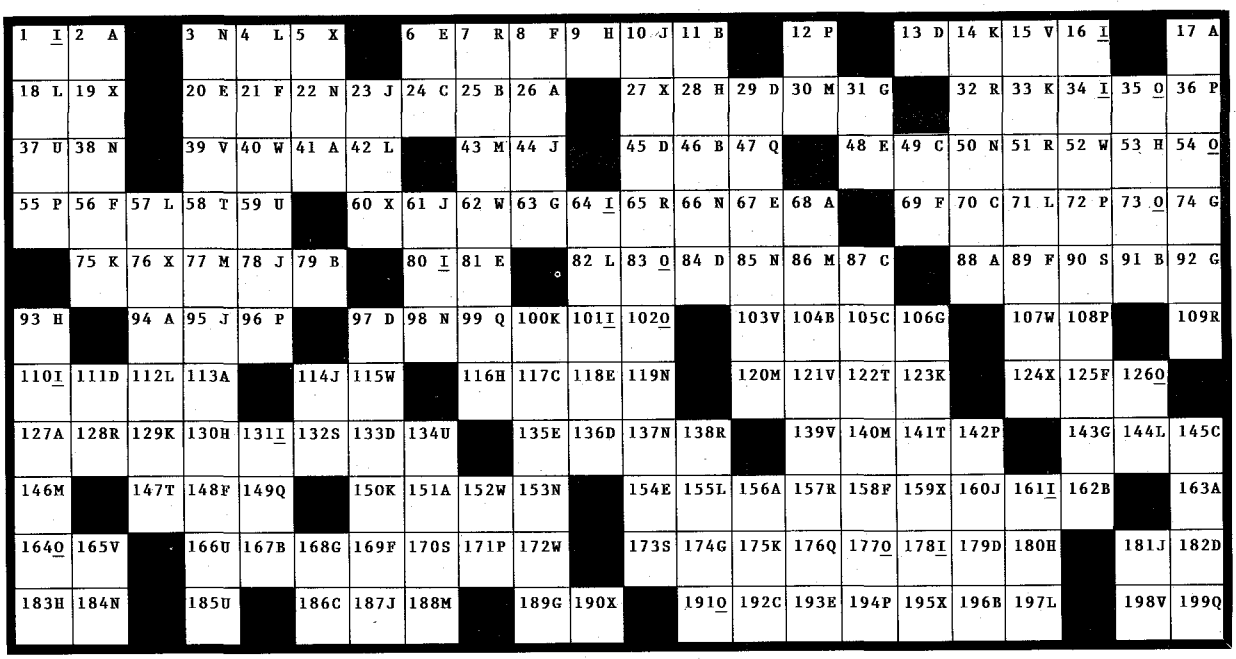
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Men's shop — 156 94 163 68 88 127 17 26 151 2 / 113 41

B. Morning treats — 162 167 104 91 46 196 25 11 79

C. Believed (slang) — 105 186 192 145 49 24 70 117 87

D. Once, Jerusalem's Moslem leader (2 words) — 97 29 182 84 111 179 136 13 45 133

E. Harvard's sister — 193 118 135 48 67 154 81 20 6

F. Mideastern river of note — 169 21 8 125 158 148 69 89 56

G. Burrowing annelid — 74 92 168 31 106 143 189 174 63

H. Freefall — 93 53 180 130 116 28 183 9

I. Suburb of Newark, N.J. (2 words) — 1 161 131 16 80 110 64 34 101 178

J. Satan — 187 95 160 23 10 181 78 61 44 114

K. Nova Scotian port — 75 14 100 129 175 33 150 123

L. Mandarins — 57 4 155 197 71 82 144 18 112 42

M. Room connectors — 140 77 146 86 120 43 188 30

N. Capital of Oz (2 words) — 98 137 184 22 85 119 38 3 50 66 / 153

O. Not the object of affection — 164 54 191 102 177 83 73 126 35

P. Scrooge-like — 108 55 194 171 12 36 96 72 142

Q. Black wood — 47 176 99 199 149

R. Greek historian (c. 430–355 B.C.) — 7 157 65 128 138 32 109 51

S. Mideastern bread — 173 170 132 90

T. Bridge position — 141 58 147 122

U. Sidewalk eateries — 134 185 166 37 59

V. Morsels — 165 198 39 103 121 139 15

W. Tallinn's land — 152 62 52 115 172 107 40

X. Shy — 60 159 190 27 195 19 76 5 124

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. DUABE REHM—*The Media Elite*: "Many voters believe that events are being reported with biased perspectives, and people have grown weary of journalists who see themselves as stars, carrying as much authority as the officials they interrogate."

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MEMORANDUM

TO: All NR Classified Advertisers
FROM: Tony Savage,
Classified Ad Director
RE: Thanks a Million!

In this season of good will, I'd like to thank all of the individuals and organizations who advertised in this section during 1992. Happily, most of you profited from the experience—indeed, many became "regulars," although some others did not. Alas, the rules of the marketplace are immutable, the Coming of Clinton notwithstanding. At any rate, we were honored by your presence in these pages, and hope you'll stay with us (or return) next year. Now for the good news: despite an increase in circulation, there will be *no rate increase* for Classifieds in 1993. Thus we continue to be the best bargain around—except for government handouts, and, God knows, there will be enough of those in the four years ahead. Again, thank you all, and may you all have a joyous Christmas and a healthy and prosperous New Year.

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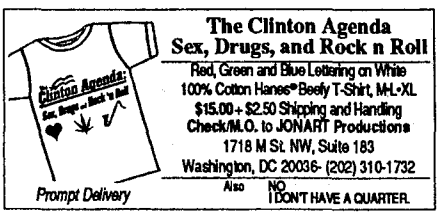
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LUMET

(Continued from page 36)

1991, Republicans led by 35 to 28 per cent among 18- to 29-year-old voters (data courtesy of the Republican National Committee, *New York Times*, July 13, 1991). Paleos and Neos had their lives, employment, and ideologies shaped by Marxism, hard and soft. The death of Communism affords Baby Cons the luxury of time to pay more attention to issues at home.

And what they see makes them mad. You'll hear it over and over: big intrusive government, big moral government, big parental government. One Baby Con put the problem very well: "[The] creeping socialism manifest in the expansion of government threatens the only valuable right in the Constitution—the Fifth Amendment right to private property." I love this statement. Every jackass in town forgets that this is the Fifth Amendment. Ask the libs about the Fifth and they'll make some crack about Iran–Contra hearings. May an interstate go through their homes.

Those of you running for office next time around, take heed. Baby Cons may be the swing vote in your state. There is no set philosophy that ties us together, but one thing is absolute: we have no guilt. Perhaps *conservative* is the wrong word for us at this point, because there is a lot that we want to change. We hate the giant, pestering size of government. We want to throw all of the bogus legal fodder out the window. We are sick of compassion being used as an excuse to fill the coffers of corpulent, corrupt counselors. Maybe we should be called Romantic Reactionaries. An improved past is our model. Our aim is to bring the twenty-first century back to the days of President Taft but with cellular phones and a daily bath. Or maybe we're Preservists. We want to preserve what is rapidly becoming public property. Remember, we are the first group to look forward to a lower standard of living than our parents. So why should we care who cares?

Since the scum of the earth benefit so blatantly from promoting the "class/race warfare" brand of politics, the opposite approach should not be a hard sell. Don't say I didn't warn you when the three branches of government are packed with Baby Cons. Slash and burn. □

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Somalia And The New World Order

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30

There we have it, finally. A stark naked challenge to the New World Order. How will encyclopedias of the future define this Order? As a fugitive excogitation of George Bush in the flush of the Gulf War victory? Something that went on to have, in fact, no meaning at all? . . . Or did the seeds of a new order fertilize, bringing us by the end of the century to some idea of how the responsible heavyweight powers in the world would confine national disasters?

Mr. Bush came up with the idea of sending thirty thousand U.S. troops to Somalia with the single mission of seeing that the supplies of food and medicine assembled actually reach the Somalian people. To date, 300,000 Somalians of all ages have starved to death, and the prospects are for two million more to die before—before what? before the race becomes extinct, as very nearly happened in Cambodia?

Let us take the givens in any such situation.

1. An intrusion into another country must clearly be a disinterested act, whether designed to arrest slaughter, relieve hunger, or contain military aggression. There must not be a concealed military or imperialistic or economic design. In this respect, our operation in Panama three years ago was exemplary. Its final success was not striking (the government there is still corrupt, and the drug traffic flourishes), but to relieve Panama of a cut-throat dictator unrelated to international conspiracies was a disinterested act.

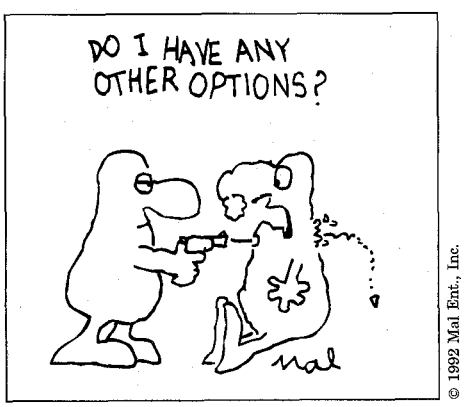
2. The intrusion has got to be feasible. There is no point in undertaking an intrusion that overtaxes either the resources or the will of the intruding power.

3. Excluding the savage forces in the world—which means now primarily the government of Peking and here and there other Communist diehards and undercivilized concentrations—there has to be international sanction of the effort. If conditions 1) and 2) above are met, there is likely to be, e.g., United Nations approval. Needless to say, if we are talking about intruding in a situation that threatens directly or indirectly the vital interests of the United States, consulting with the UN should be merely a courtesy.

Those opposed to the Bush initiative believe that the only license for international military activity by U.S. forces is just that, the vital interests of the United States. If every Somalian now alive were to die of starvation, the effect of this on the Dow Jones or on the Safety Indexes of the Pentagon would be nonexistent. It is, however, true that the so-called soft prestige of the United States depends heavily on how we deport ourselves on the international scene. The hard prestige has to do with our military and economic strength, but the international "feel" of the United States is an emanation that can affect policy. The great effort led by Herbert Hoover to feed Europe after the First World War gave us a prestige which, many historians persuasively contend, gave us palpable leverage in the years to come.

Somalia isn't a strategic identity, in the sense that Gibraltar or even Quemoy and Matsu were. Granted that there are many situations in the world in which the U.S. military could perform invaluable duties (one thinks of Liberia and Mozambique and Kurdistan), what distinguishes Somalia from the rest?

The arguments are raised that what is going wrong in Somalia is the absence of an effective government stronger than the warlords and stronger than the tribal barbarians who would be cannibals, except that there is too little human flesh left to feed off. Suppose that in order to deliver the food and the medicine, the United States military suffered 50 casualties. Would that be acceptable? What if the figure were 250?



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More often than not, leadership consists in directing the public will. Here is an exception: The people should be sovereign in respect of the exposure of American troops to sacrifices unrelated to the safety of the United States. How would a national plebiscite go?

My guess is that it would resoundingly approve the venture. Because the alternative would leave us feeling sick and ashamed, and to spare ourselves that debasement, sacrifices are justified. □

Mr. Koch and Black–White Problems

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13

Edward Koch earned his reputation for candor many years ago, and his voice in New York is as encephalophonic as it was when he was mayor: more so, when you consider that he gives speeches, does television, radio, and a column, practices law, and lectures to students. At a recent seminar he gave a talk devoted to the question of racism, which he deems the worst scourge in history.

Black–white relations in America are his principal concern, but he is unwilling to think of our own race problems as unique, pointing to Britain, France, Germany as examples. He acknowledges that racism continues in the United States, he believes it is lessening, believes that the blacks' economic lot is improving, but he looks then at the minefield through which we are attempting to make our way.

Consider, for instance, Derrick Bell, the black professor of law at Harvard, whose volume, *Faces at the Bottom of the Well: The Permanence of Racism*, has received a strangely warm reception. Professor Bell is hardly an agent of reconciliation, despising as manifestly he does the white race, against whose continued persecutions he warns in his book, one part of which deals with a fancied organization, White Citizens for Black Survival, which aims to build a national network of secret shelters to house and feed black people "in the event of a black holocaust or some other all-out attack on America's historic scapegoats." Such an attack, Professor Bell suggests, is "not only possible, but probable."

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Mr. Koch does not attempt to talk to Derrick Bell, to whom time consumed in constructing rational bridges is wasted. But Mr. Koch gives figures that are illuminating and encouraging. "The median income of black families in which both husband and wife worked went from $28,700 in 1967 to $40,038 in 1990, an increase of 40 per cent. For white families in the same period, family income increased 18 per cent, from $40,000 to $47,247."

The figures focus on the paramount problem in the black community, which is single-parent homes, in which the statistical probability of poverty magnifies by 600 per cent. Mr. Koch then points to the single greatest source of black–white antagonism, which is the incidence of black crime. "Forty-five per cent of all of the crimes of violence in this country are committed by blacks. Blacks are 12 per cent of the population. But for the most part only males are committing these crimes of violence, which means that roughly 6 per cent of the population is committing 45 per cent of the crimes of violence in this country." Mr. Koch scoffs at the explanation that poverty is the cause of this crime, reminding us that everyone was a great deal poorer during the Depression, when crime was much less. And he reminds us that the principal victims of black crime are fellow blacks, but asks—what does it matter, in terms of bad blood? "If a black victim is brutalized, it makes no difference to whites if it is by another black instead of a white. They are still frightened by the violence."

Very well then, what is to be done about it? Koch believes that two measures should be taken. The first is to inaugurate a compulsory national-service program for every 18-year-old, no exceptions. The second is to employ the armed forces to protect the continental United States from the importation of cocaine. Do this, he recommends, by sealing the Mexican border, and requiring incoming airplanes to follow pre-designated routes and submit to cargo searches. His third recommendation is to send more of our criminals to jail or to isolatable camps; and to require drug treatment for addicts, even though he acknowledges that the success of such treatment is statistically problematic.

For many years I have admired Mr. Koch, and I still do, even as I reject his two primary recommendations. I believe in national service, but think that in order to succeed in accomplishing that change of perspective we desire, it must be voluntary. As for drug proscription, I don't think it is possible except by inaugurating a society in which we wouldn't want to live. Legalize drugs for those over 21, and execute anyone convicted of selling drugs to a minor. That will leave us with about $25 billion per year to spend on therapy and education and will reduce the crime rate overnight by more than 50 per cent. □

The Christian Right

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25

A very bright and street-smart political operator writes to me (and to other August Conservatives) that the Republican Party is going straight to hell unless we de-Christianize it. Well, that isn't quite how he put it, but he writes that "only by stressing the economic and foreign-policy issues that unite us, and de-emphasizing some of the Religious Right's issues, can we hold the Reagan coalition together."

He encloses several clippings, the most extensive of them published in late August in the *San Francisco Examiner* with the headline, "Christians / On mission / To convert / State GOP." The headline is itself rather fragrant. Mischievous Democrats surely read it as suggesting that an effort to de-paganize the GOP has finally been mobilized.

But concretely, what does it come down to? Primarily, these days, abortion and homosexuality.

Exactly 11 per cent of the American people believe that abortion should be exclusively the decision of the mother, even if she decides to abort one day before normal childbirth because she discovers it's going to be a girl, and she wants only boys. In respect of homosexual rights, most voters, the polls establish, do not wish to persecute homosexuals, but neither do they wish to find themselves associated with the philosophical, biological, and theological derangements that say that homosexuality is of no more moral interest than having dimples, or red hair. The consolidation of a humane position on homosexuals is going to require political fine-tuning, and the principal source of Christian enlightenment on the subject is, *pace* the Supreme Court, Christianity.

The *San Francisco Examiner* goes on: "The Christian Right has a list of goals that includes breaking down what it sees as an artificial separation of church and state." Correct. But is this a position limited to the Christian Right? What about the rabbi whose benediction at Commencement has been retroactively forbidden by the Supreme Court? And since when did Irving Kristol and Michael Kinsley, to name only two illustrious Jewish movers and shakers, need to become Christian Rightists to deplore the fanatical interpretations of the First Amendment by the Supreme Court?

The paper goes on: "[The Christian Right] wants to restore school prayer . . ." Right, "it" does. And why is this not a legitimate issue? There are any number of factors that contribute to libertine sex among teenagers and the population explosion of single-parent children. Is it possible that the Christian Right has something interesting to say about this phenomenon, or are we to wait for findings from the Kinsey Institute?

"[It wants to] present Biblical accounts about creation in science classes." That is a drastic truncation. Yes, there are fundamentalists out there who would forbid the teaching of evolution, but they are not important. What the Christian Right wants is a curriculum whose science department does not in effect exclude religious interpretations of history. It is one thing to come up with naturalistic explanations for Noah and the flood, something else to dispose of Biblical history as sheer myth. And the Christian Right wants to "allow public funds for church-related schools through a voucher system." Indeed it does, and so do a lot of people unrelated to the Christian Right, for instance Polly Williams of Milwaukee, an articulate black Jesse Jackson disciple who leads the movement in that part of the world to do something about the undereducation of America and sees no greater problem in giving students vouchers to religious schools than anybody saw in giving students vouchers to religious colleges under the GI Bill.

Occasionally a spokesman for the Christian Right goes off the deep end (less often, probably, than the typical politician). Pat Robertson did that early in the year, and he will be quoted every five minutes for the rest of time about how the Equal Rights Amendment will encourage women to ". . . kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism, and become lesbians." When Christian Rightists say things like that they should be sent a Valium and a stern note. But we have hardly reached an age in which enormities spoken, or for that matter practiced, by Christian leaders invalidate Christianity. That in America which is virtuous is an irradiation of Judaeo-Christianity, and here is one voter who declines to associate with a movement that wishes to encourage a different impression of moral and political reality. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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The Lovely Person

WE'VE HEARD much about "Bubba" recently, but in the vast storied realms of Southern antonomasia, Bubba is not terribly important. What Americans should contemplate is the South's sobriquet for a certain type of woman.

We call her a "luhvly puhson."

Southerners don't go in much for gender-free language, but the Lovely Person is the exception that proves the rule. "Lovely Person" and "lovely woman" are *not* synonymous. The latter has sensual connotations, and the Lovely Person has finished with that, if she ever started, and acquired a more rarefied image, so calling her a "person" signifies the complimentary kind of indeterminate gender associated with awesome mythological figures and angels.

Nobody ever sat me down and explained what a Lovely Person is, but somewhere along the line Southern osmosis kicked in and I *just knew*, the way I *just knew* the difference between a good ole boy and a redneck, or the subtle social gradations of ordinary, common, and trash. Thus, when I read *Gone with the Wind* at the age of eight, I understood that Scarlett O'Hara's mother was a Lovely Person: "To Ellen, mares never foaled nor cows calved. In fact, hens almost didn't lay eggs. Ellen ignored these matters completely."

There are nicey-nice women everywhere, but in the South, where firebells in the night ring a little louder, the Lovely Person is Lord Chesterfield in Depends. To her way of thinking, life is a menopausal bladder that must be rendered *comme il faut* come hell or high water.

So that ye may know her, the Lovely Person has a signature sentence that she uses to stop people before they get to the juiciest part of the latest gossip, or whenever any conversation gets too interesting. Probe a subject that fascinates the vast majority of humankind—Jack the Ripper, Lizzie Borden, the Donner Party—and the Lovely Person will flutter her fingers delicately as though fanning an unpleasant odor, and murmur with gentle reproachfulness: "I don't *want* to know."

She follows that with, "Let's talk about something pleasant," which is why the Arabs upset her so. Judging from the baroque bloodthirstiness of their political rhetoric, there isn't a Luhvly Puhson in the entire Middle East. It was bad enough when they called us the "great Satan" and predicted that "Everyone who conspired against Iraq is moving toward a black end, to the hell of oblivion, ruin of present and future," but what really made Arabs non-puhsons in her eyes was the Iraqi mother's vow: "I would cut off the head of my baby and swallow it if it would make Bush lose."

The Lovely Person prefers headlines like the one I recently clipped for my files: "The Bonding Power of Andrew: Hurricane's Rampage Added Strength to Family Ties." Chances are a Lovely Person wrote it, because it is no longer necessary to be a rarefied Southern female to qualify for the sobriquet.

A country that calls Andy Rooney a curmudgeon can't take much unpleasantness. Americans are turning into Lovely Persons quicker than you—or even I—can say "sonofabitch." As soon as the election was over, pundits began flagellating themselves over the way they had covered it, and came up with self-assessments that sound just like the Lovely Person tamping down her dinner table.

Fred Barnes was condemned for his "chilling hostility" to Eleanor Clift on *The McLaughlin Group*. Sam Donaldson was "snarlingly rude" to Cokie Roberts on *This Week with David Brinkley*. I found both of these exchanges to be merely vigorous, but other words used to describe the campaign coverage include *flay*, *icy*, *savage*, and that stepfather of all television images: *threatening*.

Even speaking in a manner described as "crisp" is cause for alarm in Lovely Person America, where "demanding" means punctual, "cold" means efficient, and "obsessive-compulsive" means neat. Our favorite word is "vulnerable." If I'm vulnerable and you're vulnerable, we're all okay—which is why the words "human error" make any catastrophe acceptable, especially when Dan Rather brings them out in that gulpy voice he uses to make himself sound large of soul.

Lovely Personhood is the driving force of our age. Political correctness is Lovely Personhood. The uproar over negative campaigning is Lovely Personhood. The moral collapse known as "growing in office" is Lovely Personhood. And the quintessence of Lovely Personhood is self-defeating guff about a "kinder, gentler" America.

LOVELY PERSONS are everywhere nowadays. Some merely say nice things as the easiest way out, like the husky young Marine interviewed by CBS after Hurricane Andrew. Asked if he was surprised to find himself helping hurricane victims instead of fighting, he replied that he had joined the Marines "to travel and to be part of humanitarian relief."

Other would-be Lovely Persons are motivated by narcissistic challenge—like Oxford's Bill Clinton, who "befriended the curmudgeonly former sergeant major of artillery who was the British school's porter," according to the *Washington Times*.

Having myself become a target of "threatened" professional extroverts since my misanthrope book came out, I know all about this trick. I can just see First Bubba honing in, extending himself and going out of his way, all the while thinking: "If I can crack *this* nut I must really be a Luhvly Puhson."

—FLORENCE KING

Miss King's With Charity Toward None *has just been published by St. Martin's Press.*

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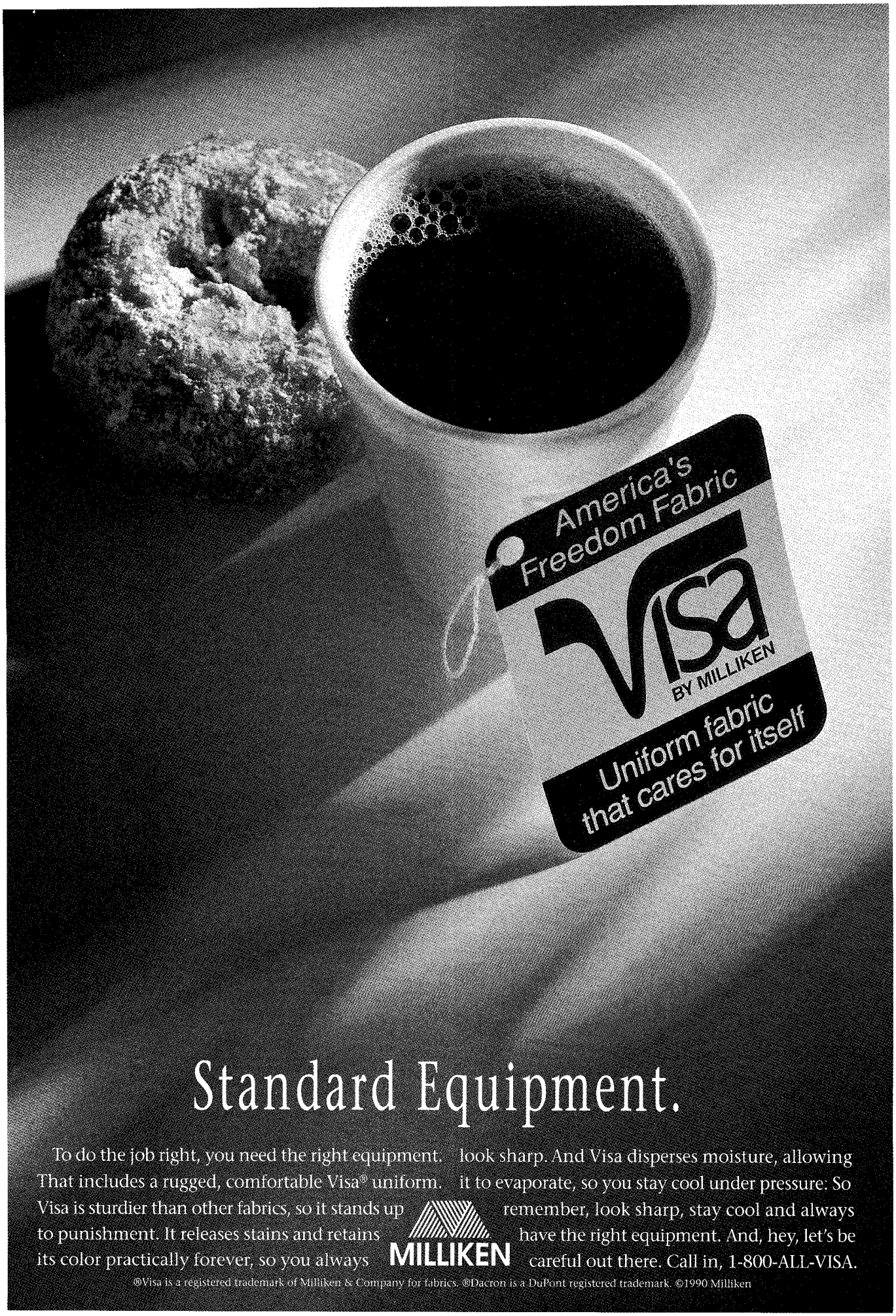

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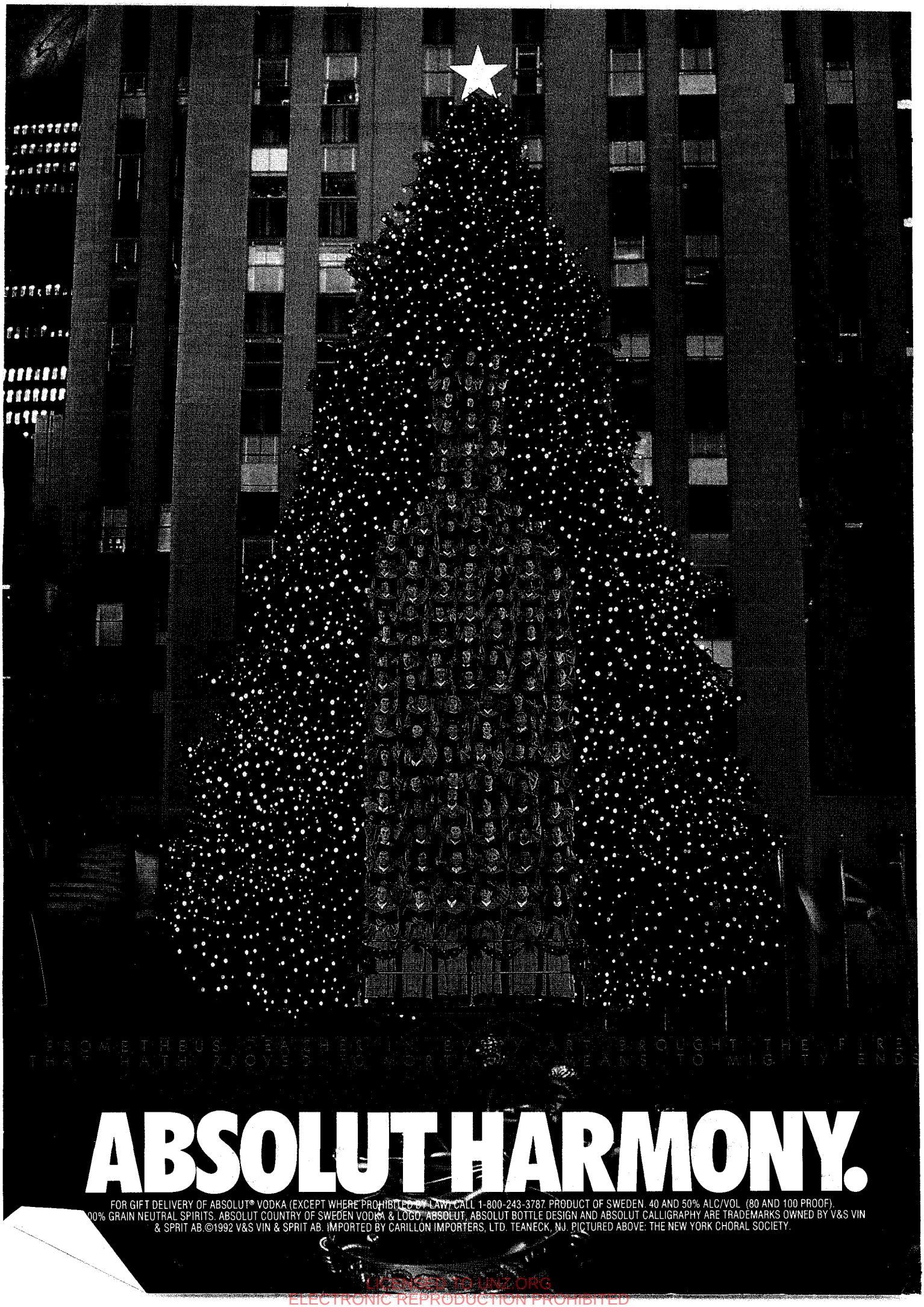

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